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Extinct Pennsylvania Animals

PART II

Black Moose, Elk, Bison, Beaver, Pine
Marten, Fisher, Glutton, Canada Lynx



Henry W. Shoemaker
by HENRY W. SHOEMAKER, Litt. D.

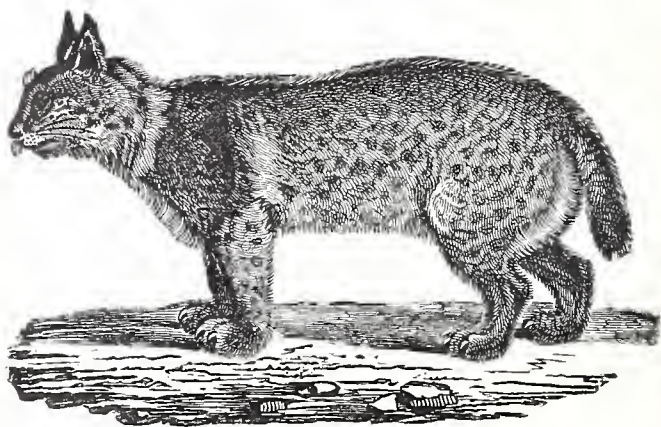
(Author of "Extinct Pennsylvania Animals," Part I, etc.)

*"Of living creatures.....here are divers sorts,
some for food and profit, and some for profit only
.....the elk, as big as a small ox; beaver,.....
wild cat, panther, otter, wolf, fisher, minx,
muskrat, etc."*

(William Penn, letter to a friend in England.)



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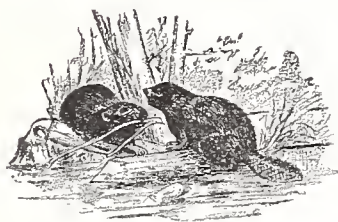


"La liberté de l'homme n'a jamais fait la bonheur des animaux."—Victor Fatio.

AUTHOR'S NOTE

"Extinct Pennsylvania Animals", Part I, **out of print.**

New edition to appear in 1920, under title of "Notes on the Panther and Wolf in Pennsylvania".



190540

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(The Panther and Wolf Treated in Part I)



INTRODUCTION

THAT ten of the larger mammals of Pennsylvania should have been completely exterminated within the borders of our Commonwealth, eight of them—the Panther, Wolf, Pine Marten, Beaver, Fisher, Glutton, Elk and Canada Lynx—within the memory of men now living, is an appalling statement to place before naturalists and conservationists. That all of these animals were of inestimable value to mankind, either for their flesh, fur, or to preserve the Balance of Animate Nature, or as destroyers of various pests, makes the loss all the more severe on civilization.

If this wanton destruction of harmless creatures is to go on apace, a book on the existing wild mammals of Pennsylvania cannot be written half a century hence. Private greed, that lust for blood money which has been the undoing of so many persons and States, has been responsible for the awful diminution of the wild life of Pennsylvania. Placing animals in politics has been a most potent and complete cause of the destruction of interesting forms of life. When the lumber business waned, due to reckless cutting and waste, the lack of replanting and forest fires, there was a tendency for the mountainous districts to depopulate themselves—the drift was towards the cities or towns where there was work.

The crafty political chieftains, scenting a loss of prestige in certain districts, devised a clever scheme to keep the mountaineer vote in the “slashings” by the passage of laws paying out large sums of money on

the scalps of alleged "noxious" animals and birds. A clever publicity campaign was worked up charging all kinds of misdemeanors to nearly all the animals and birds which remained in the Pennsylvania forests. This same "graft" is going on in our Western States today. Bounty payments commenced, the poorest class of mountaineers were baited by the lure, and remained in the denuded areas "trapping for bounties".

It was a mean living, especially at the expense of the taxpayers and agriculturists, who would surely suffer by the loss of so many insect and rodent devouring creatures.

After one year of the "scalp act" of 1885, the farmers and fruit-growers rose as a body and demanded the repeal of the section relative to hawks and owls. It was taken off the Statute Books, but not until hundreds of thousands of dollars of the people's money had been squandered, and insect pests threatened to make agricultural Pennsylvania a desert like birdless Italy. A few years ago the bounty on hawks and owls was again inserted in the scalp act, but again repealed.

But the bounties on animals have climbed higher and higher, to keep pace with the increased desire of the professional hunters to "cut it out" and take up honest livings in the towns. The animals to kill have grown fewer and fewer, which is another reason for the increase.

At present the politicians are plundering the hunters' license fund, which ought to be used for game protection and propagation, to the extent of a hundred thousand dollars in bounties, annually, and not a word is raised against this brazen thievery.

The animals of Pennsylvania belong to all the people, they must not be exploited for private or political gain. Is there not a voice of a scientific or learned man or woman who, knowing the facts, will rise up in their behalf and ask the Governor to remove the incentive to their cruel destruction by curtailing or checking the existing bounty law?

In the ensuing pages will be given, as far as obtainable, a history of the decrease and final extermination of eight of the vanished forms of wild life in our Commonwealth, the Black Moose, Elk, Bison, Beaver, Pine Marten, Fisher, Glutton and Canada Lynx, the other two, the Panther and the Wolf, whose sad stories are recounted in Part I of this work. In addition, several of the smaller mammals of Pennsylvania, among them the Porcupine, the White or "Snow Shoe" Rabbit, the Rock Rat, the Kangaroo Rat, and others are on the verge of extinction or already gone from our borders, but no allusion will be made of them in these pages; the larger and more important forms alone will be mentioned.

After all this blood slaughter and destructiveness are we any better off? Decidedly not. We have the forest fire, the spray pump, the tent caterpillar, the San Jose scale, the Norway rat, the Zimmerman moth, the high cost of living, the poisoned well and the polluted stream, all instead of our cool forests, clear streams, sweet springs and wonderful animal, bird and aquatic life of the old days. Where is the tainted money earned by the political pets and professional hunters—"boozed" up", of course, along a long lurid lane of vice and crime.

"Give us back our wild life", enlightened generations of the future will demand, but never again in this *aeon* will mankind see their like. The grand game animals are known only as a memory. The following pages will try and trace their dim shadows against the wall of eternity. As to the purely technical and scientific aspects of the passing of these forms, no attempt will be made to cover that phase of the tragedy in the ensuing pages. That has already been done, and finally by Samuel N. Rhoads, of Philadelphia, in his "Mammals of Pennsylvania and New Jersey". The folk lore and the traditions clustering about them like a diadem of romance, in addition to the general historical outline of their extermination will be the principal aim of the present volume, as was the case with its predecessors.

Mr. T. Morris Longstreth, in a very interesting book about the Adirondack region, which is equally applicable to the Pennsylvania Mountains, says:

"The spirit of the Adirondack Park is stated in the law that says that the land 'shall be forever reserved and maintained for the use of the people'. Every such statement, when backed up by enforcement, is a victory for democracy, and every victory for democracy is an advancement of the truest civilization. It is strange that we should have to go to the woods for the fulfillment of civilization. But it is very satisfactory and comforting.

"Years from now when the Hudson is lined with cities and when three hundred million people live where now there are the fifty million, this magnificent playground will teach the staunch virtues that can be learned only in the wilderness. And the public-spirit-

ed members of the Association for the Preservation of the Adirondacks will have realized that they, in like manner with the Puritans and the heroes of '63, can be called the 'Makers of America'.

"The days are coming wherein we shall again become aware of the forest. In the dim long ago the forest was a dark hinterland from which evil spirits came to prey and into which, glutted, they withdrew. Witches lived in the wood. Even today the dark aisles of the evening fires are shivery at nightfall because of the unchallengeable terrors of the past. Yesterday, when out of the Adirondack ravines the panther cried and the howl of the wolf sounded across the snow, the frontier children shuddered. Yet they liked to hear the legends of the wood.

But with the passing of yesterday the terrors abated. The frontier children grew up, reasoned themselves out of the witches, and shot the wolves. The forest ceased to be a thing of fear, of veneration, and became a matter of dollars and board feet, a bank account in the rough. It was wantonly cut and criminally devoured by fire. This storehouse of legend, this temple of the race, was in danger of extinction.

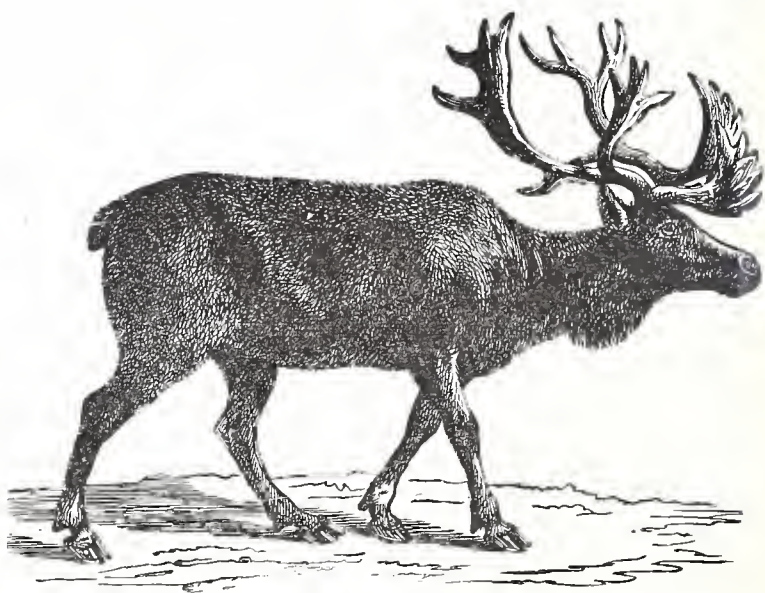
"Now, all that is safely passed. We have let the buffalo go; we have barely saved the forest. We will save it, not only for fuel, not only against flood, but because it is the most beautiful thing on the earth."

HENRY W. SHOEMAKER.

ALTOONA TRIBUNE OFFICE,

MARCH 21, 1917.*

*The Author apologizes for the tardy appearance of this book, caused by absence in the Army.



I. THE BLACK MOOSE

WHEN the writer first visited the hunting lodge home of Seth Iredell Nelson (1809-1905) at Round Island, Clinton County, in August, 1899, he noticed a medium-sized set of moose horns hanging on the wall of the great Nimrod's living-room. Having heard traditional stories of the occasional appearance of the Black Moose or *Original* in Pennsylvania, the thought flashed his mind, "Those may be the antlers of a Pennsylvania Moose". Upon asking Nelson where the horns came from the magnificent old hunter replied that they were Maine antlers from the West Branch of the Penobscot River, sent to him some years before by a party who had once hunted with him in Pennsylvania in deer season.

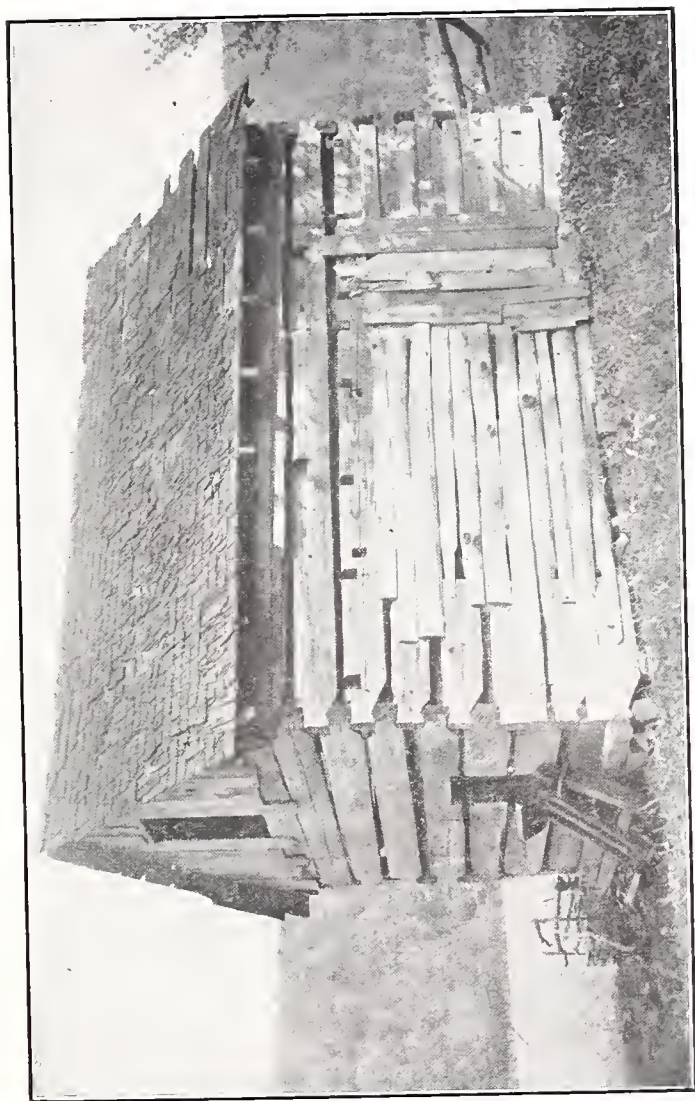
"But", added the old Nimrod, "there once were moose in Pennsylvania.

Asked if he had ever seen any, he replied that he never had, that the last were gone long before his day, but that he had killed at least 50 elk, sometimes called "grey moose", in the Pennsylvania forests. That same fall the writer heard that a farmer named John Hennessy, who, while grubbing stumps on the edge of the Tamarack Swamp, in Northern Clinton County, had unearthed a pair of fresh looking moose horns. This discovery was made about 1850, as near as could be ascertained.

When Samuel N. Rhoads published his great work, "Mammals of Pennsylvania and New Jersey", in 1903, the writer found little comfort in the assumption that moose had wandered into Pennsylvania in post-Columbian days. This is what Rhoads has to say under title of "Eastern Moose":

"The fossil remains of moose have been found in Pennsylvania caves. Certain statements of earliest travelers imply that the moose was found on the west shores of the Hudson River opposite New York, and in Northeastern Pennsylvania. There is a Moosic in Lackawanna County; a Moosehead in Luzerne County, and Chinkalacamoose in Clearfield County. In Doughty's 'Cabinet of Natural History', Volume I, Page 281, a Philadelphia correspondent says that the horns of moose were found in a salt lick in the Allegheny Mountains, Pennsylvania, near the New York State line. These items are here noted in support of the theory that the moose in late pre-Columbia times wandered into the Allegheny Mountains of Pennsylvania from its more favored haunts in the lake regions of New York. Miller stated 'it once ranged throughout the State of New York'. If this can be verified by history, it would be an interesting fact, at once removing any improbability of its range in parts of Northern Pennsylvania, quite as well suited to its needs."

Rhoads further states that fossil remains of the East American Moose (*Alces Americanus* Jardine) dating from the Pleistocene period, were found in the



HOUSE OF JIM JACOBS

Durham Cave, near Reigelsville, Bucks County, and that a skeleton of Scott's Fossil Moose (*cervalces scotti Lydekker*) also of the Pleistocene period, were unearthed from a shell marl beneath a bog at Mount Hermon, Warren County, New Jersey.

It will be the purpose of the following pages to endeavor to show that the Black Moose was present in Pennsylvania as an irregular migrant or straggler within the last one hundred and twenty-five years, citing as evidence the writings of reliable travelers and historians, and the traditions of old hunters who were themselves sons of old hunters. That it is not a case of confusion of Nomenclature, for Rhoads states that somewhere in Dr. B. S. Barton's writings the grey moose, or wapiti, is called the "Original", will also be demonstrated, as the old-fashioned hunters were very jealous and proud of their knowledge of the different kinds and species of wild animals.

Historical evidence of the presence of the Black Moose in Pennsylvania, though not plentiful, is convincing. Dr. J. D. Schoepf, the distinguished German Army Surgeon and Naturalist, who traveled through Pennsylvania in 1783-1784, has this to say in his "Travels in the Confederation", Vol. I, page 161, in speaking of the vicinity of Heller's Tavern, one mile south of the Wind Gap, in Northampton County: "The farmers were not well content with their lands. The nearness of the mountains brings them in Winter unpleasant visits from wolves and now and then, bears. And there is no lack of other sorts

of game; deer and foxes are numerous; elks wander hither at times. From several descriptions furnished by people hereabouts, it seems that they give the name Elk to the Moose as well as to the Canadian stag, and so give rise to errors. Both animals come down from the North, where one is known as Moose, Black Moose or Orignal, and the other (the Canadian stag) is known as Grey Moose to distinguish it from the first".

On page 243 of the same volume the talented author, in speaking of the Allegheny Mountains between Carlisle and Fort Pitt (Pittsburg) remarks: "The commonest wild animal is the Virginia Deer; the Grey Moose, very similar to the European stag, has also been seen in these woods, but it is more numerous in Canada. The Black Moose, or Elk, is seen here but rarely".

H. Hollister, in his inimitable "History of the Lackawanna Valley", published in 1857, in speaking of Tripp's Meadow, near Scranton, a hunting and camping ground highly thought of by Indians and early white settlers says: "Around this camp game was abundant. The elk and the fleetier moose stood among their native pines, or thundered onward like the tread of cavalry, the deer in fearless mood browsed in the juicy leaf, while the mountain sides, though stern with wilderness, offered to the panther or the bear little shield from the well-poised arrow of the Indian".

On page 210 the same author says: "The moose

from which the mountain range bordering the Lackawanna—The Moosic—derived its name, were found here in great abundance. Deer and elk, at that period thronged along the mountains in such numbers that droves often could be seen browsing upon the budding sapplings or lazily basking in the noonday sun.

In Doughty's "Cabinet of American History", Volume I, page 281, a Philadelphia correspondent tells the finding of a fresh-appearing set of moose antlers in a salt lick near the New York State line. Investigation of this account showed that the antlers in question were unearthed in 1819 by Jim Jacobs, "The Seneca Bear Hunter", a noted Indian hunter at a swamp which was situated in Bradford, McKean County, in the center of what is now Washington Park. This would show conclusively that the moose, in post-Columbian times ranged into Northwestern Pennsylvania. If at one time they "ranged all over New York State", it would be natural that they would frequent the headwaters of the Allegheny River, just across the line in Pennsylvania. But as Western New York was opened to civilization, they withdrew to their hiding places in the North Woods, only venturing South when driven by severe winters, and then through the last unbroken stretch of forest from the Adirondacks to the Catskills, and thence to the wilds of Northeastern Pennsylvania, keeping close to the Catskill-Allegheny Mountain backbone.

Tales of the presence of moose in the Keystone State will also be found in "More Pennsylvania

Mountain Stories", Chapter I (Reading, 1912); "The Indian Steps", Chapter I (Reading, 1912), and "Juniata Memories", Chapters IX, XXIV and XXVI (Philadelphia, 1916), by the author of these pages. Other mention of the Black Moose in Pennsylvania is occasionally made in county histories, romances and poems of the Northern and Eastern parts of the State. Careful research will undoubtedly bring further valuable references to light.

The Black Moose has left his name indelibly along the entire route of his latterly migrations through Pennsylvania. There is a Moose's Wood Pond in Kidder Township, Carbon County. Mosie's (*Moose's*) Pond is in Wilmot Township, in Southeastern Bradford County. It is said that there were at one time Moose Ponds in Susquehanna, Wayne and Pike Counties. There is a Moosehead in Foster Township, and Moosic Mountain—"The Imperial Moosic" of the Poet Caleb Earl Wright, in Luzerne County. In Lackawanna County, in addition to the Moosic Mountain, there are two Moosics, one a town of four thousand inhabitants in Old Forge Township, the other a hamlet in Newton Township, and a Moosic Lake in Jefferson Township. Moosic Lake covers an area of over eighty-six acres and lies 1,950 feet above sea level. There is a Moose Run in Centre County in Boggs Township; the Moshannon, i. e., *Moosehanne* or *Moose-stream*, forms the Western boundary of Centre County, dividing it from Clearfield County. The Black Moshannon, or *Black Moose-stream*, is a

creek in Centre County. In Clearfield County is found a Moose Run in Huston Township, and Moose Run Station; also Upper and Lower Moose Creeks (Lawrence Township), and Moose Creek (Girard Township). Clearfield town, the seat of justice, was formerly called Chinkalacamoose. The Moshannon rises near the Northern border of Blair County, at the Three Springs. In the extreme Southern limit of the range there is said to be a Moose Creek in Somerset County.

On account of so many small lakes in Pennsylvania having been re-named with fanciful titles by influential summer colonists within the past twenty years, the historic names have been discarded, but old settlers in the neighborhoods can give the real names in every instance; in this way it is thought that eventually some of the "moose" names will be restored. In Sullivan County the beautiful and romantic Lewis' Lake was re-christened "Eagles Mere" by summer boarding-house keepers. It is held by some that Elk Lick, Somerset County, was named for the moose, which was called "elk" by many German pioneers, as well as for the true elk or wapiti. At any rate Black Moose were seen in the vicinity of this swale shortly before the Revolutionary War.

Dr. C. Hart Merriam, in his splendid report of the animals of the Adirondack Mountains, published by the Linnean Society in New York in 1884, states that the last moose in the "North Woods" of New York was killed on Raquette Lake, Hamilton County, in

August, 1861. The height of this last specimen, which was a female, was seven feet at the hump and weighed 800 pounds. Samuel Merrill, in his authoritative and fascinating "Moose Book", published in New York in 1916, thus describes the slaughter. "A party of four men from Philadelphia, including a Lawyer, and a Physician, with two guides, were on a fishing trip in two boats. One sportsman fired a charge of buckshot into her shoulder at 50 yards' distance; another fired a charge charge of number six shot, and the guides each added a rifle ball".

Among the last men in New York to kill a moose was Hon. Horatio Seymour, Governor of the State, the antlers of which were admired for many years at his home at Deerfield, Oneida County. The Governor killed his moose at Jacks' Lake, Herkimer County, in 1859. Alva Dunning, a well-known hunter, killed several moose on West Canada Creek in 1860. Verplanck Colvin, State Engineer of New York, in his report on the "Adirondack Wilderness", transmitted to the Legislature at Albany in April, 1874, says: "As a matter of zoological and general interest, I may mention that in a few of the most remote portions of the wilderness we have met with indications of the moose, which to some of the guides seemed unmistakable. This gigantic deer is, however, almost extinct in the Adirondacks, and I would suggest that it be made, in future, unlawful to kill or destroy the animal at any season".

From the above it will be noted that the Black

Moose held on in its Northern fastness for three-quarters of a century after its extirpation in Pennsylvania. Moose have since been re-introduced in New York, but it is not known for certain whether the experiment will prove a success. J. J. Short, of Fine, St. Lawrence County, N. Y., says: "About 1901, when the fence of the Low Game Park of 60,000 acres, near Cranberry Lake, was cut, the moose immediately left the preserve and, finding an old moose path, disappeared the same night in the direction of Canada, and never were seen again."

In the Catskills, situated midway between the Adirondacks and the Alleghenies of Pennsylvania, Black Moose were noticed during the first decade of the Nineteenth Century. At one time, at least, moose were found in Connecticut, and a cow moose was killed within two miles of Boston, Massachusetts, in 1721.

Jim Jacobs, the discovered of the moose horns in the swamp in Littleton, now called Bradford, McKean County, was one of the most interesting figures in the sporting annals of Pennsylvania. He was a grandson of Captain Jacobs, the brave defender of Fort Kittanning, and his mother was a daughter of the Seneca chieftain, Cornplanter. He was, therefore, of the Indian aristocracy. "The Seneca Bear Hunter", as the great Nimrod was generally called, was born near Gawango, on Cornplanter's Reservation in Warren County (the house, the oldest in the reservation, is still standing), in 1795. From the

time he was old enough to "tote a gun" he was noted as slayer of big game. Innumerable were the elks, deer and bears that fell before his unerring rifle. On June 25, 1814, with Captain John Titus and other Senecas, he participated in the famous march, 80 miles, between sunrise and sunset, between Cold Spring, on the Seneca Reservation, and Lundy's Lane, on the Niagara River, participating in the battle of that name and helping to win the victory for the American forces. In 1867 he killed an elk in Flag Swamp, Elk County, that by some authorities is held to be the last native wild elk killed in Pennsylvania. He was several times married. By his first wife, according to C. W. Dickinson, he had one daughter, who died of consumption while still in her teens. By other wives he had two sons. John C. French says that probably Jim Jacobson (also a noted elk hunter), and "Dan" Gleason, the wolf hunter, were his sons.

On the night of February 24, 1880, there was a great blizzard in Northern Pennsylvania. Jacobs, then in his 90th year, happened on the tracks of the Erie Railroad, near Bradford, when he was hit by a freight train and killed. P. L. Webster, an aged citizen of Littleton, now Bradford, who died recently, is authority for this account of the "Bear Hunter's" taking off. John C. French, of Roulette, Potter County, author of "The Passenger Pigeon in Pennsylvania", states that in Indian Summer, 1884, while in the Seneca Reservation near Carrolltown, he met

Jim Jacobs in the forest, carrying his long rifle, and that he engaged in an interesting conversation with him. He was seen by others in the reservation up to that time and later.

"But", adds Mr. French, "my seeing 'The Seneca Bear Hunter' does not prove that he was alive. The Indians were firm believers in ghosts, and if he was actually killed several years previously, they would have said that I merely saw his shade revisiting the favorite hunting grounds."

Traditional information concerning the presence of the moose in Pennsylvania is not lacking. Every old hunter will talk freely on the subject, and can relate what was told him by his father or his father's father on this subject. The gist of the evidence is convincing, as it all *dove-tails* together so nicely; it is not a heterogeneous collection of irreconcilable statements. Beginning with Seth Iredell Nelson, there was not a single old-timer interrogated who had any doubts as to the presence of the animal in Pennsylvania or its identity.

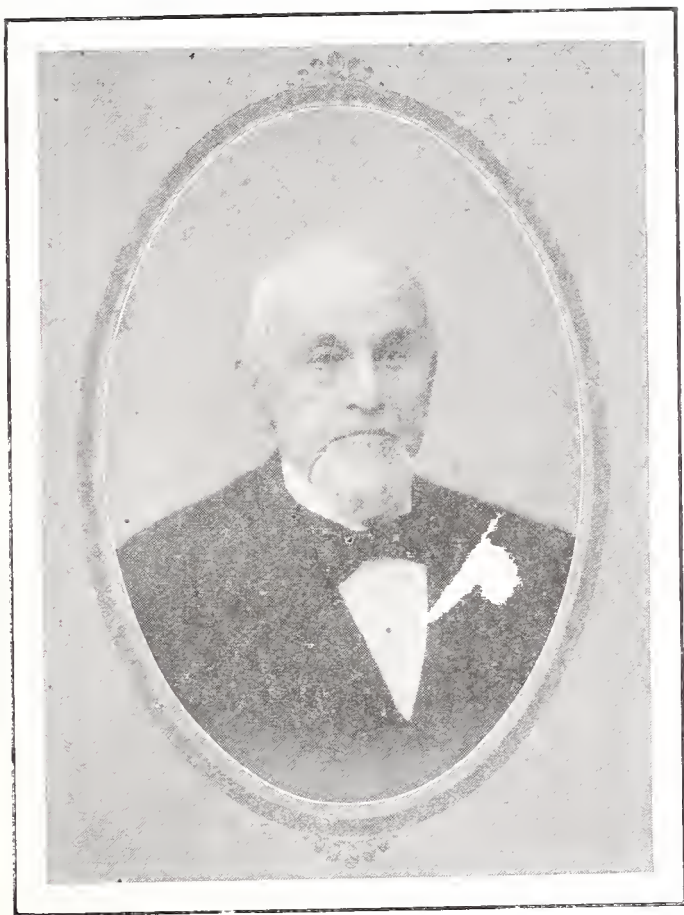
John Q. Dyce, probably the most intelligent and best informed of the older generation of Pennsylvania hunters, declared that the moose had a "crossing" on the West Branch near Renovo, which they followed to Chinkalacamoose and long the Allegheny summits to Somerset County.

Clement F. Herlacher quotes Josiah Roush as saying to Lewis Dorman that moose in Pennsylvania was called the "Original", that it meant that the moose

was the "ancestor" or "daddy" of the entire deer tribe. Roush, who was known as "The Terrible Hunter", trailed deer in the snow, using no weapons, killing them by running them to the water, and plunging in after them and drowning them in mid-stream. In one of these solitary hunts he penetrated to Pike County, where he met a redman named Tahment Swasen, probably the Indian hunter of that name, who so admired by the gifted Thoreau, and who told him the meaning of the word "Orignal". From constant exposure in icy waters Roush became "knotted with rheumatism", finally succumbing from an attack of pneumonia at his home near Woodward, Centre County, in 1865, at the early age of 45 years.

Merrill in his "Moose Book", conclusively proves that the name is not *original* but *original*, and is derived from a Basque word *orenac*, meaning deer. This was corrupted by the French Canadians into *orignac* and then to *Orignal*. In Pennsylvania it was *Original*.

Swasen claimed that as the moose was the only species of deer found on all continents, it proved him to be the progenitor of the entire cervine race. No trustworthy information has come to the writer that the moose bred in Pennsylvania. John Q. Dyce said: "They probably bred in the State one time". Other old hunters made the same guarded remark. Jesse Logan, grand-nephew of James Logan, "The Mingo Orator", who was born in 1809 and died on February 17th of last year,* had heard of the presence of moose



JACOB QUIGGLE (1821-1911)

Grandson of Ensign Philip Quigley, of the Revolution,
Pennsylvania Buffalo Hunter

occasional appearance of moose in the Wind Gap up to the last decade of the Eighteenth Century. There is a story of a moose being killed by Moravian Indians on Moose Run, Centre County; of another killed on Burgoon's Run, Blair County, and one or two driven south by dogs, slain near the Juniata in the vicinity of McVeytown, but the dates are uncertain. Jesse Logan stated that the Black Moose was not seen in Northwestern Pennsylvania in his day, but the finding of a comparatively fresh-looking set of moose antlers at the salt-lick (now the centre of the Washington Park of Bradford, McKean County) in 1819, and the prevalence of the Moose-wood, or Whistle-wood, show that they were present in that section probably a generation earlier.

C. W. Dickinson, born in 1842, the great authority on wild life topics, who resides at Smethport, McKean County, states that when he was a boy he heard some of the old gray-haired men say that they had been told that there were Black Moose on the headwaters of Pine Creek (Tiadaghten) in an early day, but that he never heard any one say that they saw one. That would establish the presence of moose in Northern Potter and Tioga Counties, completing the evidence that they lived at one time along the entire "Northern Tier" of Pennsylvania Counties.

It is stated that the early Scotch-Irish settlers along the Juniata River referred to the moose as the *Black Elk*. It is understood that this name was sometimes applied in Ireland to the extinct "Irish Elk"

(*Megaceros hibernicus*). It would seem that the pioneers from the Emerald Isle noted the resemblance between the palmated antlers of the extinct forest monarch dug up in their own bogs and the Black Moose of their new Pennsylvania home. There are some who claim that the Black Moose was a regular resident of Pennsylvania, breeding in the State up to the years immediately following the Revolutionary War. As names, dates and places are lacking, and in the face of documentary evidence and the views of naturalists like Rhoads and others to the contrary, it must be regarded as the veriest tradition.

According to Boyd's "Indian Local Names", Chinkalacamoose, now Clearfield, Clearfield County, signifies "It comes together", or "The meeting place". As before noted, according to Jesse Logan, it meant "meeting place of the moose", a far more plausible translation for the ancient name. In Daniel G. Brinton's "Dictionary of the Lenni Lanape", the Delaware word for moose was "mos".

John C. French, speaking of Potter County (Northern Pennsylvania) says: "None of our oldest men ever saw a Pennsylvania Moose, though Edwin Grimes (born 1830) heard some of the old men, back about 1840, tell of having killed or hunted 'the Original' about 1770 and earlier; both in Pennsylvania and New York. Captain John Titus, born about 1784, said in 1881—he was nearly 97 years of age—that there had been none since he could remember in Western New York or Northern Pennsylva-

nia, except an occasional traveler from farther north. He called them 'Woodeater' and said they were also called 'original' by some, as they were the largest—seven feet high at shoulders—and were thought to be older than any other deer species; that their short necks and long legs fitted them only for feeding on trees and briars, or in water where plants floated on the surface, roots 3 or 4 feet below. My grandfather, William French, born in 1788, said they sometimes came south of the lakes in New York to the Chemung River, while he was a boy living there. The following is a memorandum of what my father told me, as he remembered his grandfathers told him about the 'brown elk', as they called them. My great-grandfather, John G. Martin, who came from Ireland in 1775, to join the Continentals against England, and resided in Tioga County, Pa., after the war ended, for nearly fifty years, always called the 'Original' or Black Moose a *brown elk*. My father, born in 1818, never saw one; but his father, born in 1788, saw a few of them in Steuben County, N. Y., and along the Pennsylvania line in Tioga County while a boy, and spoke of them as Originals, and very rare—some of them very large".

Needless to say it is a pretty well established fact that the Black Moose was not a permanent resident in Pennsylvania during the past five hundred years; it was not even an annual visitor, and if it bred here it was after its migrations North were stopped by the "ring of steel" of the army of Nimrods along the

Delaware. During exceptionally cold winters up to the last decade of the Eighteenth Century, the moose moved southward out of their permanent abodes in the Adirondack wilderness, crossing the Mohawk River at some un-named point, thence following the Catskill wilderness through Schoharie, Greene, Ulster and Sullivan Counties to Narrowsburg, where they crossed the Delaware in Pennsylvania. From thence they followed the main chain of the Allegheny Mountains in a southwesterly direction through Wayne, Lackawanna, Wyoming, Sullivan, Lycoming, Clinton, Centre, Clearfield, Blair, Cambria, Bedford and Somerset Counties to the Maryland line, the extreme southern limit of their wanderings. They remained true to this path of migration, and those seen or killed in Huntingdon, Mifflin, Westmoreland or Allegheny Counties were presumably driven there by dogs or Indians; except that evidently there was a regular migration line from Wayne County through Pike County, a region reminiscent of the Adirondacks with its evergreens and ponds, on through Monroe County to the Wind Gap of Northampton County. It is not clear in the writer's mind if this was the *Original's* ancient route into New Jersey or that the moose noted in the Wind Gap were driven there by dogs, but it seems a fair supposition that the Wind Gap was their route of ingress to New Jersey.

No record has been kept of the habits of the moose during their sojourns in Pennsylvania. It is agreed that they were of a confiding nature, indulging in their

favorite browse in close proximity to hunters' cabins. In the winter it probably comforted itself much as it would during mild winters in the Adirondacks. Moose which remained in Pennsylvania in the Spring-time were fond of bathing in the deep holes of their favorite streams. The old settlers learned from the Indians when to expect the coming of the moose by the appearance of the Moose Bird or Canada Jay (*Perisoreus Canadensis*). This rather thick set, more plainly plumaged relative of the common Blue Jay of Pennsylvania, visited Pennsylvania for the same reason as the moose, the extreme cold weather in the north.

Dr. W. T. Hornaday, in his "American Natural History", says: "The plumage of the Canada Jay has a peculiar fluffy appearance, suggestive of fur. Its prevailing color is ashy-gray. The nape and back of the head are black, but the forehead is marked by a large white spot. The wings and tail are of a darker gray than the body. The home of this interesting bird—the companion of the moose, as well as of forest-haunting man—extends from Nova Scotia and Northern New England, throughout Canada to Manitoba, and northward to the limit of the great forests."

As they came by wing it was natural that they could reach Pennsylvania a week or ten days before the arrival of the moose. Their coming was the signal for the hunters to get ready, and many a moose that might otherwise have escaped, was forced to run the gauntlet of the fore-warned and fore-armed

Nimrods. Probably an occasional moose that was belated in returning north gave birth to its calves in Pennsylvania. Merrill says that usually two or three were produced at a birth, making the most prolific of the deer family. In the extreme southern limits the calves were born in April.

For years after the last moose had ceased coming to Pennsylvania, the visits of the Moose Bird's set the old hunters on the *qui vive*; as in the case of the bison in the west and the wild pigeons here, it took them a long while to realize that the moose would come no more. John H. Chatham, the Clinton County naturalist and poet, saw a Moose Bird in McElhattan, that county, in the winter of 1903.

It is difficult to ascertain just who the hunters were who slew the moose in Pennsylvania. Few Indians of note were guilty of the slaughter of their beloved *Original*; only the starving rag-tag of the redmen helped in the final extirpation. Doubtless if a list of male residents along the backbone of the Allegheny Chain from Moosic Mountain, Lackawanna County, to Elk Lick, Somerset County, of about the year 1790 could be procured, it would be as good a roster of early Pennsylvania Moose hunters as is obtainable. Who killed the last moose in Pennsylvania is a mooted point. Jacob Flegal, a Clearfield County pioneer, is said to have killed the moose whose antlers adorned Captain Logan's cabin near Chinkalacamoose; one of the Buchanans killed a moose south of the Juniata, near McVeytown; Indians killed a moose on Moose

Rum, Centre County (giving the stream its name); Landlord Heller's neighbors' dogs caused the death of the moose, the antlers of which hung over the main entrance of the old stone tavern in the Wind Gap for so many years. All these moose were killed during the decade between 1780 and 1790; there is no record of any having been seen since then. In other words they were exterminated in Pennsylvania about the same time as the bison. It has been stated that "Colonel John Kelly killed the last bison in Pennsylvania in 1790 or 1800".

As to definite dates, probably the moose killed by the Buchanans on the Juniata comes as near to being known as any. The old tavern which this family kept for many years was opened about 1790. The moose was killed either that same year or the year following. For many years this tavern was known as "The Bounding Elk", being named for a Black Elk or Moose, which some years *before* the erection of the building, swam the Juniata nearby, but was killed before he could take harbor in the southerly forests.

Dorcas Holt Buchanan, wife of "The Bounding Elk's" first landlord, was herself an intrepid Nimrod. It is recorded that on one occasion when a big deer was chased out of Furnace Gap into the river by dogs the young woman plunged into the stream, and catching it by the horns, drowned it in a pool. Several of the habitués of the tavern cheered the plucky girl from the bench at the front door, shouting, "Go it Dorkey", as she grappled with the terrified "Mon-

arch of the Glen". It is related that the trick could not have been performed more neatly by Shaney John, an Indian hunter who drowned many deer in this way, or by his white protege, "Josh" Roush, "The Terrible Hunter" of the Seven Mountains. In this connection it may be well to quote Roush further on the Moose in Pennsylvania, as related to him by one of Shaney John's hunting disciples, Billy Dowdy.

The old Indian said that he had as a boy feasted on "moose nose", a great delicacy, and once had seen a young moose broken to draw a sledge one particularly severe winter, at a camp near the headwaters of the Moshannon River, in Blair County. The beast hauled a load of hides to the Bald Eagle's Nest, in Centre County. An Indian hunter named Hartheigig was the trainer, while two warriors named The Big Cat and Killbuck, accompanied the consignment to the nest. According to some authorities the European "Elk" or Moose has performed similar service in Sweden.

Few and far between are the traces of moose horns in Pennsylvania. But they do exist, and probably in some remote farm house garret a set or two are still to be found. The writer, when engaged in antiquarian studies along the Blue Mountains accidentally learned of the last known pair. They hung for many years above the front door of Heller's stone tavern, near the Wind Gap, in Northampton County, once the famous pathway of the moose from northern to southerly regions. It was related that Marks John

Biddle, a celebrated lawyer of Reading, while stopping at this tavern, when on a horseback journey, noticed the horns, and asked about them of the landlord. Old Jacob Heller obliged his guest by taking them down and letting him measure them. They had a width of $78\frac{1}{2}$ inches and weighed a trifle over 91 pounds. Dr. Hornaday, in his "American Natural History", tells of a moose killed in the Kenai Peninsula, Alaska, in 1903, the antlers and skull of which weighed $93\frac{1}{2}$ pounds. The record Moose Horns in the Field Columbian Museum, Chicago, weigh 92 pounds. This record Moose was taken in the Kenai Peninsula in 1899. The late Captain F. C. Selous (recently killed in battle in British East Africa) stated that the antlers of a moose which he killed on the McMillan River, Canada, in 1904, had a spread of $66\frac{1}{2}$ inches and weighed 75 pounds. Doubtless the moose of Colonial days was a much larger animal than any specimens seen today, even the gigantic so-called "Alaskan" Moose.

By studying the deterioration of European Red Deer, by the actual measurements of horns in various Continental collections and actual weights recorded in old-time sportsmen's note books, during the past three hundred years from antlered giants to puny runts, it will be easy to concede a similar decline in the Moose heads of the American continent. Like the Red Deer of Europe, the Moose of America is hunted ruthlessly for exceptional heads, and is no longer troubled by wolves which formerly pulled down the

weakly and imperfect specimens; result, a sure deterioration. That the predatory animals do not deteriorate in size is proved by the fact that fossil bones of wolves discovered in England are not any larger than those of European wolves of the present day. The Wind Gap horns were taken, Heller said, from a moose which had been driven by dogs at a trot through the Gap, and at the easterly end it had staggered and fallen to the roadway from exhaustion. A farmer named Adam Gross got an improvised rope hoist and swung the huge brute, which he averred weighed at least a ton, into his barn. It lived only a week, despite all manner of attentions devoted to it. The dead moose was propped up astride of a fodder-shocker and exhibited in Gross's barn as long as the cold weather lasted.

Heller remarked that there was another set of moose horns on the out-kitchen of Eckhard's tavern, beyond the Wind Gap, of similar size, but they were not viewed by Mr. Biddle. Several old men hanging about the tap room told Mr. Biddle that the Pennsylvania Moose was a creature of appalling size. The males often stood eight feet at the hump, that the spread of the horns was tremendous, but that the creatures handled these appendages with great dexterity.

Marks John Biddle, let it be said, was one of the very few gentlemen hunters of his day in Pennsylvania. In his stables at Reading he had a room fitted up as a museum, with cases all around the walls

filled with stuffed animals and birds that he had shot. On the top of the cases were stuffed panthers, one of which had a white spot on its breast, and above hung the antlers of deer and elks. Mr. Biddle was particularly fond of elk hunting, and is the gentleman who hunted elks "on some barren mountains in Northwestern Pennsylvania" in company with Mr. Peale, of Philadelphia, which has been so often quoted by natural history writers.

De Kay, in his "Natural History of New York," mentions a set of what were probably Adirondack moose horns in the Lyceum of Natural History in New York as being 48 inches in width. Beside the Pennsylvania horns at Heller's Tavern they would have appeared like pygmies.

Charles Augustus Murray, the distinguished English traveler, thus describes the Wind Gap. "From Owego to Easton the country is undulating, wild, wooded and the soil light and poor. A few miles from the later town the road passes through the Blue Ridge of Mountains at a point called the Wind Gap; and a most noble situation it is for a temple of Aeolus. I know not the exact elevation, but it is very high, and being the only gorge in the neighborhood, the wind sweeps through it with tremendous violence".

It may be that in the bleak winds of today can be detected the shrill whistle of the vanished moose, the stalwart *Original* of other days. As stated in previous chapters, moose horns were found in Washington Park, Bradford, about 1819, embedded in the slough

of the old salt lick. Another set was dug out of the Tamarack Swamp, in Northern Clinton County, by a farmer named John Hennessy, about 1850, and another set adorned the lintel of Captain Logan's cabin at Chinkalacamoose the last years of the Eighteenth Century. This last named moose is said to have weighed, including antlers, over one thousand pounds after death. According to some it was killed by Logan himself; by others it was claimed that pioneers named Smith and Flegel were the slayers. It is to be hoped that information leading to the discovery of other sets of Pennsylvania moose horns will be forthcoming.



II. GREY MOOSE OR ELK.

CERVUS CANADENSIS was called by the first settlers in eastern and southern Pennsylvania the Canadian or Pennsylvania Stag. In those days these fine animals ranged over the entire State. William Penn mentions them as being killed near Philadelphia in the early part of the eighteenth century, while Peter Kalm, the Swedish naturalist of *Kalmia* fame, records their presence in the same locality at a slightly later date. They lingered in the "Elk Forest" in the Pocono Mountains until a century later. Probably the last in that region was killed as late as 1845. As they never enjoyed the protection of game laws, their numbers steadily decreased all over the state.

As attesting to their former prevalence, Philip Tomb, the greatest Pennsylvania hunter of modern times, states that during the early part of the nineteenth century his brother Jacob killed twenty-five to thirty Pennsylvania elks annually, while for years he killed an almost similar number.

The bull elks were enormous animals. According to Colonel Noah Parker, of Gardeau, McKean County, they frequently weighed 1,200 pounds and stood seventeen hands at the shoulders. He mentioned herds of three to four hundred elks traveling to their favorite salt licks in his day. Philip Tomb says that their horns were often six feet long. They were longer bodied and apparently shorter legged than other east-

ern or western elk. In conformation they were more like huge caribou or reindeer. In color they inclined more to the drab than the dun or brown and often had dark brown dappling or spots. They "yarded" or congregated in swamps in winter, and in summer were fond of bathing in deep pools. John H. Chatham says: "Elks were numerous on the big flat north of Saltzman Run, about ten miles up the West Branch from Lock Haven. Jake Saltzman, in describing them, said that their horns were ten feet in the spread, and that the timber was so thick that the big trees stood two feet apart. When asked how the elk got through the old man replied, 'Oh, that's the elk's business'. At any rate, the elk of Pennsylvania was a gigantic animal and I have heard old hunters state that they could put the tips of a set of elk antlers on the ground and walk under the skull, which would indicate that the horns were more than six feet in length".

Dr. W. J. McKnight, in his inimitable "Pioneer Outline History of Northwestern Pennsylvania," published in 1905, quotes the greatest elk hunter in Jefferson County, Bill Long (1790-1880), as saying that they particularly enjoyed bathing in the Clarion River. Philip Tomb says that elk milk was nearly equal to that of a cow, both in quality and quantity. Mike Long, the younger brother of Bill Long, it is said, kept a cow elk an entire season in the stable of his camp in Clearfield County, thriving on the excellent supply of fresh milk and cream.

The elks remained longer in Pennsylvania than in New York State, although J. E. DeKay, in his "Natural History of New York," says that they existed in Allegany County, N. Y., in 1842. A splendid elk was killed in Bolivar, that county, in 1844. In that section and in Northern Pennsylvania they were known as Grey Moose to distinguish them from the Black Moose or Original, the cervine giant of the northern wilds.

The "Grey Moose" was seldom if ever found as far north as the Adirondack Mountains. Dr. J. D. Schoepf, an educated German, who traveled in Pennsylvania in 1783-4, and whose book, "Travels in the Confederation," is a classic, alluded to them by that name. Dr. Schoepf mentions "Grey Moose" as prevalent on the Alleghenies and in the vicinity of Pittsburg at that time.

It is interesting to note the decrease of these noble animals in our state. At present there are groups of sportsmen who urge the claims of various persons as slayers of the "last elk." Taken by sections, an elk was killed at Nazareth, Northampton County, in 1759; the last elk in the Blue Mountains was killed about 1800; in the Pocono Mountains in 1840; in Lackawanna County, where they formerly were most numerous, five or ten years earlier. About the same time one of the McHenrys, killed the last elk on the North Mountain in Sullivan County. William Mitchell killed the last elk of the Seven Mountains at the head of Treaster Valley, Mifflin County, in 1847, near the Centre County line. An elk was killed on Laurel



C. W. DICKINSON
At Height of Career as a Hunter, 1872

Hill, Somerset County, about the same year Jim Jacobs, known as "The Seneca Bear Hunter," shot the last elk in Clearfield County, in May, 1865. It was brought to Lock Haven on a raft from the mouth of Medix Run, where it was killed. James David, the noted surveyor and hunter, in company with George Gaylord, killed an elk in Chapman Township (near Wetham), in northern Clinton County, the same month and year. It also was brought to Lock Haven in a dugout, which was nothing unusual, as it was at the height of the "rafting" and boating season on the river.

But the similarity of the two kills and methods of transportation to Lock Haven have given rise to no end of confusion. But there is no doubt as to the correctness of both episodes. Flavius J. David, son of the great hunter, and himself a well-known surveyor, who resides at Lock Haven, recalls the occurrence, as does another son, Charles David, and it is also recorded in Maynard's "History of Clinton County" (Lock Haven, 1874). Judge J. W. Crawford, of Youngwoman's Town, now called North Bend, and A. K. Pierce, of Renovo, in the columns of the *Record*, of Renovo, Clinton County, explained the situation as regards both elks in a series of ably written articles published during 1913.

Jim Jacobson, an Indian known by C. W. Dickinson and other pioneer hunters, is said to have killed an elk near Roulette, Potter County, in 1875, but this statement is pretty well discredited. The naturalist, John

C. French, says no elks had been seen near Roulette for twenty years previously. Jacobson, who died in 1912, is often confused through the similarity in names with Jim Jacobs, a full-blooded Seneca, born in 1795, who, according to Mr. French, lived on until the early eighties (about 1884), hunting game until the last. He was probably the father of Jacobson, as well as of Dan Gleason, the wolf hunter (the Indian boys adopting their mother's surname).

Jim Jacobs slew at least a score of elks in his day, the last the famous one at Flag Swamp, in Elk County, in 1867. T. Jefferson Stephenson, gallant Bucktail Veteran, born in 1835, states that "Billy" Easton, a noted Nimrod of Silver Creek, Elk County, killed at least seven or eight elks in Elk County, and in the Black Forest *after* the Civil War. J. C. Deveraux, of Wilcox, Elk County, states that "Hunter" Smith killed an elk near Ridgway in 1869. He probably had reference to George Smith (1827-1901), the noted Elk County Nimrod. Captain Cecil Clay mentioned this episode to Colonel Roosevelt, who used it in some of his writings. Dr. McKnight gives the date of the killing of this elk as 1866. Arch Logue killed the last elk in Potter County (Wharton Township) in 1856. It weighed 1,200 pounds. John Brooks, the political leader of Sinnemahoning, who saw the carcass, said that the horns were six feet long. Henry Nelson, in Almeron Nelson's "Early Days in Potter County", published in 1875, says: "My brother, Seth, said that he had killed upwards of fifty elks, but the last

one left in the county was killed by our old friend John Jordan”.

Some of the last elk taken in the upper Pine Creek region were captured in 1854, by Sam Wedge, “Fife” Niles, “Rast” Niles, Augustus Lyon and Henry Lyon. Of these, Henry Lyon, of Middlebury, Tioga County, alone survives. The late P. L. Webster tells of Jim Jacobs capturing an elk alive on an elk rock near Pine Creek in 1858. But the distinction of killing the last Pennsylvania elk belongs to John D. Decker, of Decker Valley, Centre County, who, on September 1, 1877, killed a young male elk which had evidently been driven south by forest fire.

The great hunter’s wife was a witness to this notable achievement, and the skull and horns hung for many years on the Decker outkitchen. It is probable that this young elk escaped from some park, as no signs of elk had been observed in the Pennsylvania mountains for several years, although in Walling and Gray’s “Atlas of Pennsylvania,” published in Philadelphia in 1872, Prof. Edward Drinker Cope states that a few elks “still linger in the mountains in the northern part of the state.”

The last elk captured alive in Pennsylvania is said to have been taken by lumbermen on Little Pine Creek, near Waterville, in Lycoming County, about 1860. It was roped and crated, and carried on a raft to Marietta, where it was presented to Colonel James Duffy, for whom the capturers had been working, and it re-

mained for many years an ornament to the Colonel's private park on the banks of the Susquehanna.

Ezra Pritchard, of Potter County, captured a pair of elks and broke them to farm work like a yoke of oxen. Up to the middle of the last century, when the species began to grow scarce, there was quite a thriving business of catching elks alive in Northern Pennsylvania. Dr. W. J. McKnight quotes a price-list current about 1850, giving the amounts paid for live elks of various ages. One advertisement in the *Elk County Advocate* reads as follows:

"ELK WANTED—For a living male elk, one year old, I will give \$50; two years old, \$75; three years old, \$100; and for a fawn three months old, \$25. Apply CALED DILL, Ridgway."

According to Dr. McKnight, the average age of elk was fifty years. In Sugar Valley, Clinton County, there was a report that John Engle, born in 1827, who died in 1918, killed an elk in the Black Gap, near White Deer Creek, in 1878. The writer visited the grand old Nimrod, who, despite his advanced years, resembled a statue of Hercules, and was told that the animal in question was no elk, but a "shovel-horn buck," *i. e.*, a stag with palmated antlers. On a subsequent visit the antlers were recovered and shown to the writer, being very fine specimens of their kind. The deer in question weighed, dressed, 208 pounds.

Palmation is usually found in very old stags, the year or two before their antlers begin to decrease in

size. The stag's horns grow larger with each successive year, until the sixth or seventh year, when they either become palmated for a season or two, or commence a steady decline. In extreme age they are sometimes found without horns or with long, narrow spikes. In this last named condition they were called by the hunters "old spike bucks." Therefore, it is seen that the Pennsylvania deer literally begins as a "spike" and dies a "spike".

Luckily for posterity, the mounted Potter County elk in the Academy of Sciences at Philadelphia preserves the dimensions of the species and its horns. Bullet-holed and moth-eaten though it was, it is to be remounted by James L. Clark, a skilled taxidermist of New York; the sight of it will bring back memories of the wilderness. Killed in the Ole Bull Country about 1858, it is a memento of the magnificent beasts which once roamed our mountains and high tablelands. The proportions of this bull elk's horns are as follows, from measurements sent to the writer by Dr. Witmer Stone, Director of the Museum:

Length around curve, right horn, 3 ft. 6 in.; left horn, 3 ft. 4 in. First brow tine, right horn, 1 ft. 3 in.; left horn, 1 ft. 2½ in. Second brow tine, right horn, 1 ft. 4 in.; left horn, 1 ft. 3½ in. First prong, right horn, 9 in.; left horn, 11 in. Second prong, 1 ft.; left horn, 9½ in. Third prong, right horn, 8 in.; left horn, 10½ in.

Apart from that specimen, few examples of the Pennsylvania grey moose's antlers exist. H. Eyer

Spyker, a wealthy sportsman of Lewisburg, Union County, possesses a single-horn in an excellent state of preservation, which he procured from his grandfather. It had been brought to Lewisburg on a raft by an Indian, who killed the elk in the Blockhouse Country of Tioga County in 1830. The dimensions of the Blockhouse horn are as follows: Length (along outer curve), 43 inches; circumference (below brow tine), 10 inches; points, 7.

In 1900, Flavius J. David, the Clinton County surveyor, and son of the late James David, the noted elk hunter, while on a surveying trip in Eulalia Township, Potter County, found an elk horn lying in the woods. It had been scorched by forest fires, so that it was impossible to tell how long it had been there. L. K. Hogarth, of Smethport, McKean County, found a piece of elk horn in the Potter County forests a quarter of a century ago, and prizes it highly. P. L. Webster, of Bradford, McKean County, while driving a yoke of oxen through the Big Elk Lick, which was located at the end of what now is Palmer Avenue, Bradford, the runner of the sleigh unearthed the end of an elk horn. John L. Kemmerer dug out a massive piece of an elk horn, including the coronet, while laying up the wall about Logan's Spring, near Loganton, Clinton County, a few years ago. It was at that spring in 1771 that the ranger, Peter Pentz, shot the Mingo Chief, James Logan.

The horns of the elk killed by John D. Decker, of Centre County, are those of a two-prong bull, evi-

dently in his third year, and the horns are uneven. They are in length 13 inches, widest span 10 inches, and circumference 2 inches above coronet 5 inches.

It is said that in old barns in Portville, New York, near the Pennsylvania State line, frequently are found bits of the huge elk antlers which once adorned the buildings of George Rae, who, seventy years ago, was the greatest hunter of the grey moose in Northern Pennsylvania. Many of the sets of antlers had a spread of nearly six feet. Rae died near Jackson, Wyoming, in 1910, in his 95th year, having become as famous an elk hunter in the Jackson Hole region as he had been in Pennsylvania.

A splendid set of elk horns adorned the porch roof of the Jefferson Inn, at Brookville, Jefferson County, which was erected in 1838, according to Dr. McKnight. John H. Chatham distinctly remembers when, he was rafting on the West Branch before the Civil War, that a superb set of Pennsylvania elk antlers hung above the entrance to the Deer Head Tavern on the river bank near Muncy. Charles H. Eldon has heard that a set of Pennsylvania elk horns is now hanging in an old barn "somewhere in Northern Lycoming County." A magnificent set of elk antlers from an elk killed at the headwaters of Tiadaghton by Mark Sloanaker, of Jersey Shore, for years adorned the dining room of the residence of Hon. William F. Packer, former Governor of Pennsylvania, at Williamsport.

Philip Tomb, who used to catch elks alive, has been quoted by Mr. Rhoads as saying that the biggest elk

horns were six feet in length, some had 22 points, but the most carried 18 points. In his wonderful book, "Thirty Years a Hunter," Tomb states that they generally had six points *on each horn*. Jacob Quiggle, who died in 1911, often saw Pennsylvania elk horns in his youth. A dead elk, brought to the mouth of Moshannon Creek, near Rocking Stone, in 1850, by its slayer, Isaac Steele, a Seneca Indian, had horns 66 inches in length, and a circumference of eight inches above the brow points. From tip to tip they measured 42 inches. There were six points on each horn. These measurements, if carefully taken, make it the record wapiti head of North America.

Mr. Quiggle was in Lock Haven when James David brought in his Chapman Township elk, in May, 1865. He measured the horns with the following result: Length, 40 inches; spread, 41 inches. As the horns were not fully matured (the elk only begins to grow new antlers in April), these figures are in no way conclusive. "Hunter" Smith, who killed an elk near Ridgeway in 1869, reported that the horns had a spread of 46 inches, were 63 inches in length, and had 6 points on each horn. Colonel Noah Parker, in an interview in *New York Times* in 1896, which has been frequently reprinted, stated that Pennsylvania elk horns (exclusive of the skull) weighed 40 to 50 pounds, and had a spread of 60 inches. That would be a "record" spread, and as Colonel Parker was a reliable narrator, it must be accepted as fact.

The favorite wintering places for the elk were at

the salt licks and in the deep swamps and valleys of Elk County, especially at the Elk Lick in Benezette Township, the county being named for their early prevalence there. Dr. McKnight tells of two Indians from the Cattaraugus Reservation in New York coming to an elk yard on the Clarion River in the winter of 1852 and killing seven elks out of twelve elks yarded there. As stated, Elk County was named because it was the favorite wintering ground of the elks, and there are innumerable Elk Creeks, Elk Valleys, Elk Licks and Elk Lakes all over the State to testify to their former prevalence.

Great quantities of horns and skulls were found by the early settlers in these yards, probably from elks which died of old age or perished from the cold. It is reported that Mike Long, on top of Elk, now called Boone Mountain, found two skeletons of elks with their horns interlocked, showing how the two mighty rivals had battled to the death. Horns were often found near Elk rocks, great isolated boulders in the depths of the forests, where the elks took their last stand when assailed by panthers, wolves or human foes. There are many of these rocks in the vicinity of Wilcox, Elk County, and well-posted citizens like the veteran hunter, J. H. Houghtaling, and J. C. Devereaux, the latter the biographer of Jim Jacobson, have recounted thrilling occurrences when the antlered giants protected their cows, calves and their own lives from the onslaughts of angry wolves or dogs. It was only when exhausted by long chases or overcome by

the superior numbers of their foes that they yielded up the supremacy of the sanctuary.

The early missionaries of Shamokin, "The Place of the Horns," now called Sunbury, have stated that the Indians often went "horse hunting." The pioneers always spoke of elks as "horses," because during the period of the year when the bulls were without horns they resembled wild horses. To this name is due the frequency of Horse Valleys (there is a Horse Valley in Perry County and another in Franklin County) and Horse Creeks in the mountain sections of the state.

Sterling Devins is quoted in the *Roulette, Pa., Recorder* as saying that the Pennsylvania elk had short, thick necks, with strong upright manes and big ears, the latter of such liberal proportions that on one occasion, when elks had commenced to grow scarce, the old hunter saw a cow elk on Pine Hill, near the ruins of Ole Bull's Castle in Potter County, and, thinking it a mule, passed it without having a shot.

P. L. Webster saw four elks at a lick on Elk Creek, a branch of the Clarion River, four miles from St. Mary's, while surveying for the Philadelphia & Erie Railroad in 1861 or 1862, and gives the same impression of their appearance. Regularly employed hunters kept the construction camps supplied with elk and deer meat, which was a delight to the young civil engineers from Philadelphia. Mike Long was particularly active in this region at that time, killing many elks. Likewise the early settlers called the bison "wild bulls,"

hence the numerous "Bull Runs" all through mountainous Pennsylvania.

That the elk should have survived until exactly fifty years ago and not been protected is a crying shame against the law-makers of that period, who should have preserved for future generations this most magnificent game animal. The story of the killing of John Decker's elk is given as follows in the writer's "Black Forest Souvenirs," published in 1914:

"It was springtime on Portage Branch. The elk-wood was in bloom. In the recesses of a deep swamp, along the edges of which Great Blue Herons nested in the stag-topped crests of the tall white pines, three Wapitis or Pennsylvania Stags were resting themselves. Their leader was an enormous bull, long-bodied, drab-colored, strong of antlers, to which the velvet still hung in clusters like the maple-bud rosettes, whose deep, full black eyes betokened unusually intelligence and patience. By his side stood a well-formed cow, drab-colored, with eyes like those of her lord and master, but infinitely deeper and kinder. Hidden behind her was a very robust-looking bull-calf, unusually large and vigorous for his age. At frequent intervals he shook his little head and bristled his tiny mane, for he was restless and anxious to see more of the beautiful forest-world into which he had been so recently born.

"The springtime soon ushered in the summer, and even the young calf relished the cool retirement of the swamp, so silent save for the occasional croak of the

nesting herons and the frogs. Then the nights became colder, and on the summits of the nearby but unseen mountains wolves barked. The cricket and katydid songs suddenly diminished from full choruses to occasional wandering minstrels. The first snow came, and the elk sought the valleys, browsed and huddled together, while the fierce winds rattled the dead tops of the pines. Sometimes through the openings in the branches above, their coats were dappled by cold starlight. Then came heavy rains, warm days, the disappearance of the snow. The skunk cabbage quickly appeared along the edges of the water courses; there were bird songs that recalled the previous year. The elk family wandered back to higher lands, finding themselves again in the inaccessible swamp on Portage Branch that had years before been a beaver working.

"One morning the stalwart bull calf awoke to find a new-comer in the family circle. The slimmer neck, narrower head, and wilder, more appealing eyes, betokened that it was a sister who had come to swell their numbers. With the blooming of the elkwood the bull-calf felt a tickling sensation on the crown of his head. He began to rub his skull against the brown bark of the original pines, but could find no surcease. Soon little growths, like swellings, appeared. They dripped blood at the slightest contact with other substances. As the season advanced, and the little sister waxed slimmer and more lithe, and more beautiful, the bumps on the bull-calf's head became more to resemble miniature horns. The bull-calf was very proud of his

embryo antlers, and tossed his head, and sometimes tried to roar like his sire, but his voice cracked in an adolescent squeak.

"All through the summer the elk family was quiescent. The bull-calf wondered why no effort was made to venture far from the deep and insect-teeming swamp. The nights became colder. The herons flew away. The katydid and cricket choruses lessened, bird songs were no more; even the wild pigeons had ceased their cooing. Only a solitary *hylode* piped. Wolves barked on the unseen heights. Once a panther's scream, its love song, long, weird and terrible, reverberated the entire nocturnal atmosphere. On grey afternoons the 'dum, dum, dum,' the drumming of the ruffed grouse was heard.

"One morning, when the sun was climbing over the mountain tops, and the maple leaves were particularly golden, a strange series of sounds came to the ears of the elk family. It was bang, bang, bang, and to the minds of all of them some instinct said that it was the report of the weapons of their most inexorable and incomprehensible foe, man. All that day and that night the elk family huddled more closely together in the depths of the dismal swamp. The bull-calf needed no one to tell him now why his elders were so cautious. While he had never seen a man, he had been born with a fear of an arch and horrible enemy, beside which panther, wolf, or rattlesnake paled into insignificance.

"But the instinct of race grew stronger every night. The voice, first a tremolo, then cracked and unmusical,

grew into something loud and sonorous. One night he poured forth his soul to the wilderness, and in tones of which he was not ashamed. But the only answer was the echo from the unseen mountains. Other nights produced no other results. Again the instinct which always made for self-preservation told him that there never would be an answer, that if he must continue his race, his mate must be his little sister. This dulled a little the keenness of his joy of masculinity. But he showed it in no other way than that he stopped his night-song. His eyes assumed a softer expression, he became more solicitous for the comfort of his mate-to-be, edging her to where the browse was choicest.

"The winter came on again. With bumps on his skull now fashioned into erect broad prongs, and with throat full, and mane stiff and erect, he was almost a match for his majestic sire. Snow fell, the elk family migrated southward to another hidden swamp in the lowlands. There they were in comfort for a while.

"One morning they were roused from their ruminations by a savage yelping, a sound which lacked all the noble melody of wolfish or catlike cries. Man's henchmen, *dogs*, were somewhere in the forest. It was too late to fly, the elk family must wait, perhaps the enemies would pass them by. But it was not to be. There came an awful crackling of brush and twigs, and soon two spotted, hideous looking hounds with flapping ears, bounded into the centre of the swamp.

"Quick as a flash the old bull went at them with lowered antlers, and tossed them, torn and bleeding, among the hazels. Barely had they been dispatched, when a man, thick set, bearded, red-capped, clad in furs, bearing something long and glistening, appeared at the verge of the swale. He was Jim Jacobs, full-blooded Seneca hunter, the terror of the wapitis of Northern Pennsylvania.

"The thought flashed through the bull-calf's mind, 'how can this little thing hurt us, wipe out our race, level the forest covers, change the aspect of the world, how dare he!'

"Quick as he could think, the diminutive Indian had the long, glistening *thing*—his rifle—to his shoulder, and aiming, fired, and down fell the mother elk, choicest of the quartet from a pot hunter's point of view. Blood, bright red, gushed from a hole in her neck as she toppled over on her side into the snow.

"The old bull-elk gave a snort of alarm and command, and trotted away, followed by his two offspring, who trusted him implicitly. There was no second shot. Evidently Jacobs was satisfied with the cow-elk, for when far to the north, the elk trio paused for breath, there came no further apprehensions of danger.

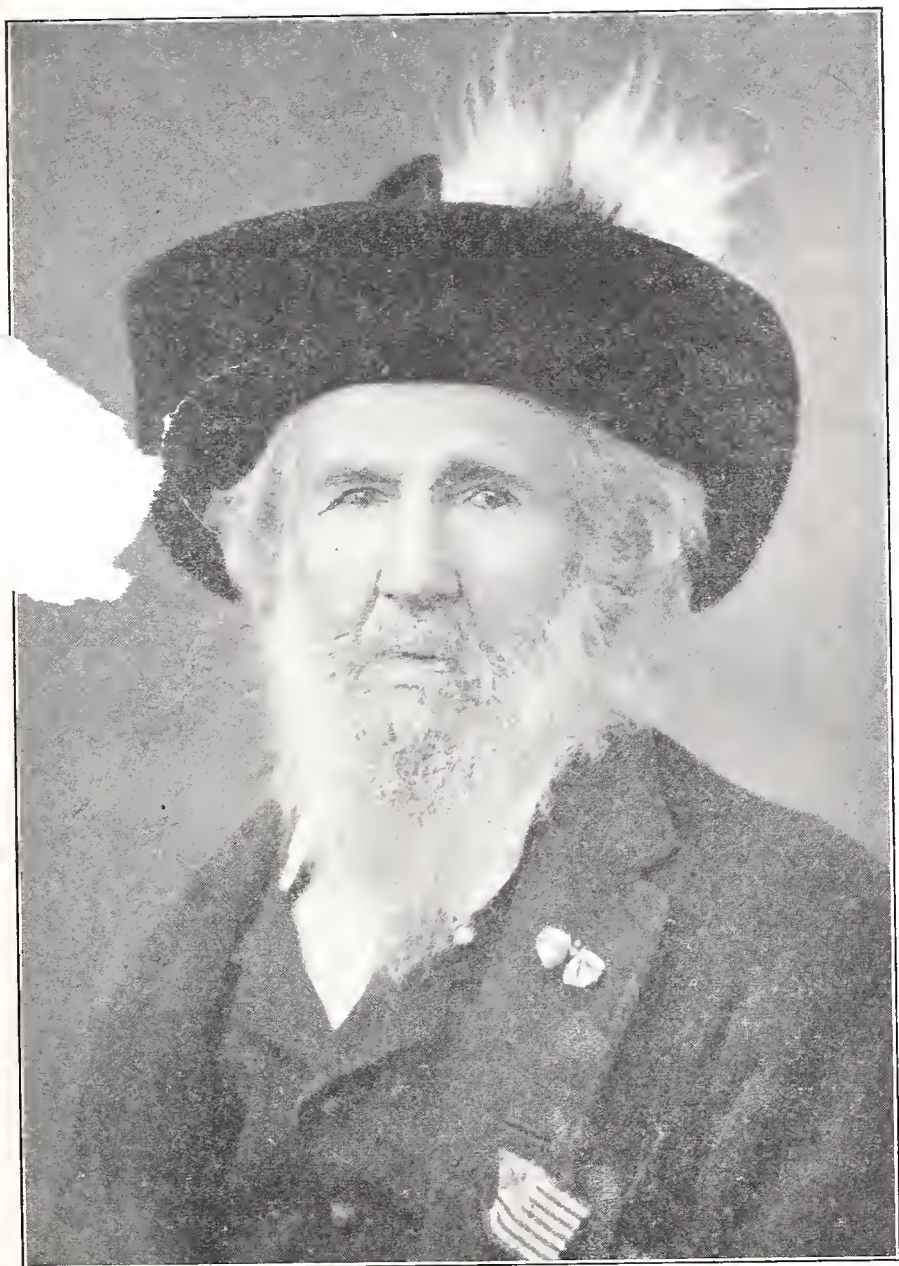
"The episode produced a profound impression on the survivors. They wintered in a northern swamp, enduring great hardships. On some nights they were almost buried in avalanches of snow. There was browse enough, if they could but reach it. The elk

family became very lean and listless as the long Winter waned. The bull-elk hung his head; he acted like some old, discouraged man. The younger elks longed for the chance to move, to wander, but the will of their sire was strong enough to hold them close to the confines of the swamp. Before the snow was all gone; even before the arbutus or mayflower budded, ominous barking of the wolves on the unseen mountains, disturbed the peaceful slumbers of the elks. The night winds rattled the dead tops of the ancient white pines, banshee-like in their warnings.

"One grey morning, while the elk family stood motionless, a strange patter of feet was heard. It could not be man's ally, the dogs; there was no yelping or barking. The enemies, whatever they were, were approaching silently, save for their footfalls on the rattling leaves and frozen snow patches.

"Like a sudden storm, they were upon the elks, and running about them in circles, great, gaunt, grey creatures, all jaws—*wolves*. At a snarling order from the leader the ugly mob singled out the old bull elk for their fury. Reaching with the wide jaws for his gambrel joints, they bit him fiercely, and he was quickly rendered crippled and helpless. As he fell to his knees the leader of the wolves, with one snap, tore his throat open.

"Meanwhile, the two younger wapitis had a chance to escape, and they made good use of it. They traveled steadily until nightfall. Self-preservation dulled their grief for their sire. When they stopped the



THOMAS JEFFEFSON STEPHENSON

rustle of leaves frightened them, sounding to them like wolfish footfalls. They traveled all night, aimlessly, but their direction was southerly. They rested awhile in a secluded swamp at dawn, but soon their instinct moved them on. At noon they came to a broad stream of water, the Sinnemahoning; it flowed as clear as crystal, lily pads were along the shores. They were making ready to plunge into it and to cross, when they noticed a log cabin with creatures—*men* again—moving about it on the opposite shore. The elks slunk back into the tanglewood, and remained motionless until all was dark. Then for the first time in their lives they swam, and were soon on the other side, landing about a quarter of a mile below the log-cabin. A high mountain reared its precipitous cliffs close to the water's edge. The refugees made no attempt to scale it or to reconnoitre until next morning, when their mutual decision was to find sanctuary among its pinnacles.

“They wandered in an easterly direction along its base through a tangle of wild grapes, water birches and elders, until they came to a little draft, where now a mountain torrent gushed out from under a hemlock canopy. Lowering their heads, they wended their way up the mountain, their feet displacing and rolling downward the smooth stones in the bed of the stream. They stopped many times to catch their breaths, or to pick a twig off some deciduous tree, but they were on the bare, bleak, open summit in time to greet the afternoon sun before it reached the level of the three

Knobs of Clearfield County, the highest of the western peaks. In the clear afternoon light they had an admirable opportunity to look about them.

"There were mountain peaks, mostly bare, cold and grey on every side, but in the sides of all of them were furrows or hollows heavily timbered, mostly with hemlocks running almost to the summits. They looked like avenues of escape. Doubtless one of these would lead into some sequestered valley or plateau where they might follow out their destiny for awhile.

"The young elks made a handsome pair. The young bull was unusually large for his age. He had a proud head and eye, there was an almost Roman curve to brow and nostrils. His winter coat was almost an olive or drab. The young cow had a fine expression, the eyes were larger than ever through that perception which only suffering gives. Her lines were symmetrical, she was short-coupled, almost like a western elk. Her color was somewhat lighter than her mate.

"The two hunted beasts gazed at the limitless expanse for awhile, and then a common impulse, started down one of the worn water-courses with moss-covered banks that seemed like a path, and which led into the big timber below. At nightfall they found themselves in a soggy upland bog, caused by many wind-falls damming up the brook, which flowed down through the draft. It was probably a thousand feet above the valley, which vale was little wider than the Moshannon and the West Branch of the Susquehanna,

which had their confluence in it. It was quite a good place to tarry because it was so hard to get to; few outside foes would ever invade its solitude. Stretching from it were flats or "benches", where a little grass was apt to grow, and where beeches, birches and maples were abundant. But the prevailing forest was hemlock.

"Here the young elks spent many happy days. Gradually a sense of security returned. The weather became warm and, though it was but Springtime, the flow of the mountain torrent diminished. There was plenty to eat, and still enough dampness left to sink into up to the fetlocks, so that the elks were contented to remain into the Summer. Fresh antlers were coming on the head of the young stag. This time two points appeared on each horn, and the circumference of the horns was greater; they gave their wearer a bolder, more regal appearance. And he carried himself as befitted his added dignity.

"Through July and August the weather became intolerably hot. The elks climbed to the topmost peaks at night to get the breezes, which were always there, and very cool. They were alarmed at times to notice great clouds like mist rising from the drafts; these had a peculiar smell for they were smoke. There were, too, red tongues of light, the color of the sunset—forest fires. One night, especially hot, was spent on a rocky point, where their rest was marred by smoke rising from a hollow behind them. They remained as long as they could, and then started

downwards towards their hidden vale. They had only gone a few hundred yards when fresh smoke began coming towards them. They looked back; it was also trailing after them. In front it was not so dense, so they plowed ahead. Several hundred yards more and the atmosphere became thick with smoke on all sides. They looked back, a tongue of flame running among the ferns was coming on after them. They struck a trot; they surely would escape it if they ambled faster, faster. Their speed only brought them to a point where they encountered a long garland of flame, like an incoming tide on a beach, advancing to meet them. The smoke was terrific. But they plunged into it. There was nothing else to do. The smoke became thicker and blacker. Neither one could see the other. But it could not be always like this.

"The young bull plunged ahead. He heard a crackling, a snapping of twigs. Was it his mate or the flames? He strained his big, prominent eyes to see. A great gulf of yellow fire blazed up out of the forest depths, revealing the tottering and confused form of his beautiful mate. He could not succor her. He was half stupified himself. He saw her fall—into the flames—he loped forward, he kept going somehow, he did not know what he was doing—he found himself at the river bank. It was cool there; there was no fire on the opposite shore.

"Dazed, he stood in the water for many hours by the opposite shore; then he resumed his trot—to

somewhere. He must have traveled for several days, and rested very little at nights. Sometimes he came dangerously near to cleared lands;; he heard dogs barking, and sounds like men's voices. His equipoise was returning. He browsed, he drank, he slept calmly.

"He was resting quietly one afternoon when he felt a blow at his side; he wheeled about, a deer, a hart, had struck him with his antlers on which hung traces of the velvet. Striking at him with his short, but stout horns, the elk tore a gash in his foe's shoulder. Then the deer took to his heels with the excited elk after him. They raced over mountains, through lumbermen's slashings, past a logging camp, where a woman sat on a bench peeling potatoes for supper into virgin forests again, out into a vast open field at the far edge of which was a log cabin with blue smoke curling out of the big stone chimney. It was a dangerous place to pursue an animosity, but both animals plunged on. They were too excited to hear a woman's voice shouting: 'Look at the deer, John; look at the deer!' too wilted too see a sturdily built backwoodsman, with a black chin beard, leave his woodpile and run to the cabin for his gun.

"The deer with the angry wapiti at his heels had almost reached the timber line on the southern border of the big clearing when a loud report rang out on the calm September air. The deer dashed into the dogwood thicket that screened the lower stems of the big yellow pines and escaped, but the elk turned a

backward somersault, and fell over into the buckwheat stubble, stone dead. The last of his race in Pennsylvania. Now the story must sound like every other hunting narrative.

" 'That's no deer', said John Decker, the intrepid, as he stood beside the bleeding, steaming carcass. 'Yet it's more than twenty-five years since the last elk hereabout was killed across the mountains in Treaster Valley'. Then he began skinning the dead animal. 'It must have been chased in here by those big forest fires in Clearfield County and the Black Forest. There are no other places in the State where the 'Pennsylvania stag' hangs on'.

"At sundown the hide was nailed on the barn-door to cure, the carcass had been cut up and was in the cellar, the skull and horns hung on the woodhouse among divers other heads of deer. And night closed in, and a lonely cricket started to chirp somewhere near the garden gate. A red light gleamed from the cabin window. A wolf on the knob to the south saw it, and his keen scent told him of the recent carnage; becoming envious of the cozy glow and the feed, he set up a melancholy howl. The hunter's dog 'Rover', part wolf himself, answered, and it was almost midnight when their duet ceased. Then commenced a tap, tap, tap, the night wind blowing the skull of the dead wapiti against the woodshed, or was it the tramp, tramp, tramp of the soul of the last elk bound for that bourne where all is life and there is no chase?

“Forty years have passed since that clear September afternoon when John Decker nailed the elk’s skull to his woodshed in the remote little valley bearing his name. Terrible winters have come and gone, and the blackened bones and faded horns have been decked out with snow and ice and frost. Spring, Summer and Autumn have shed their radiance on the melancholy relic, but the black sockets of the eyes bespeak not even a questioning. But at night, Winter or Summer, there comes a mysterious night wind to the place, and a soft tap, tap, tap sways the mouldering skull nailed there against the shed. Is it the spirit of the wilderness, blotted out by man never to return, while our race lives, whispering of better and freer days, of vast distances and open places, of beauty, justice and truth, which were banished with that last elk? Only those who lived in Pennsylvania in such days can answer, and their ranks are growing thin—they are following the last elk to the land of light—where there is no chase. And old John Decker, his chin beard now snow white, looking proudly at his crumbling trophy, in the afternoon light, says:

“‘It was just about this time of day when I saw him in the stubblefield over yonder. It seems only yesterday. I brought him down with one shot.’

“And as we drive away we almost feel as if we were living in those grand days, and in our mind’s eye can see the actors in the pageant of the times,

Indians, settlers, elks, panthers, wolves, all going over the unseen mountains."

NOTE—The following letter was received by Charles H. Eldon, the well-known taxidermist and naturalist, of Williamsport, Pa.:

"DEAR MR. ELDON—

"Your letter of January 7th received, and I thank you very much for the information you gave me in regard to the deer heads.

"And I also thank you, Mr. Eldon, for the compliment you gave me in sending me Col. Shoemaker's book, 'Pennsylvania Deer and Their Horns'. I find the book very interesting more so, probably, because I am personally acquainted with some of the Nimrods mentioned in its pages. I am living now only a few miles from the home of John D. Decker, the slayer of the last native elk in Pennsylvania. He is over eighty years old, but still able to trap and hunt yet. I also knew Samuel Strohecker and remember of seeing his fine deer head at his home in Rebersburg, but I do not know who has the head at present. I have often taken a look at those horns while they were hanging on John Decker's back kitchen, but I did not know at the time that they were elk horns; in fact, some of our old hunters who remember of seeing those horns have told me that they do not think they were elk horns at all, but those of an English stag.

"Again thanking you for the information and the compliment you gave me, I remain,

Yours very truly,

[Signed] WILLIAM F. MCKINNEY,
Spring Mills, Centre Co. (R. F. D. 3)

January 13, 1916.



III. THE BISON

WHEN a supposedly authoritative publication like "Report of the Pennsylvania Department of Agriculture" for 1896 states that "perhaps two hundred years the lordly bison inhabited what is now the Keystone State", it would seem well nigh impossible to trace down the animal's existence within our borders to a more comparatively recent date. The published references to the buffaloes in Pennsylvania are few and far between. The earliest travelers and chroniclers like Peter Kalm, Dr. Schoepf and even William Penn make little mention of them; but that is entirely due to the fact that in their travels they passed just outside of the bison's limited range, although Albert Gallatin has much to say concerning them.

Dr. W. T. Hornaday, in his monograph on the extermination of the American bison, has devoted more space to the existence of these animals in the State than any other writer. In a map which he prepared showing the former range of the buffaloes in North America, he has drawn a line approximately just west of the Susquehanna, showing where the herds and then the stragglers lingered until the last years of the eighteenth century. This would bring the range a trifle west of Harrisburg, of Liverpool, of Sunbury, Lewisburg, Lock Haven, Emporium and Bradford.

West of that the buffalo's range extended unbrokenly to the Rocky Mountains.

S. N. Rhoads, in his "Mammals of Pennsylvania and New Jersey," has furnished some interesting information on the bison in Pennsylvania, as has Prof. J. A. Allen in his very complete treatise. But they have failed to give anything like a description of the Pennsylvania bison, how he looked, his size, habits, or the details of his extermination. With meagre records the hunt for the traces of the bison of the Keystone State might seem discouraging, were it not for the wealth of oral traditions, embracing every topic connected with life in Colonial days, which still runs like an underground stream through the hearts and minds of the old pioneers. These people, with their clear intellects, well-developed consciences and kindly natures, are fast falling beneath the hand of the Reaper, but from them some record of the Pennsylvania bison has been obtained, and on the following pages is preserved.

However, much of what has been thus obtained will only interest the scientist and the student, for it matters little to most persons to learn that the Pennsylvania bison was different in appearance from most of his western congeners, that he belonged to the type known as the Wood bison. At the same time it does seem worth while to present a description of our bison, from the lips of a grandson of a noted hunter of the species. It brings us closer to this vanished forest monarch, makes *Bison Americanus* seem more real. But from points of differences he deserves to be

called *Bison Americanus Pennsylvanicus*. Doubtless west of the Alleghenies the individuals shaded into the true bison of the plains, but those which ranged between the east and west slopes of the Alleghenies, migrating between the Great Lakes and the valleys of Southern Pennsylvania, Maryland and Virginia, to Georgia, represented the type of bison of the Keystone State.

Doubtless in Georgia they encountered the northern migrations of a southern or southwestern type of bison, the bison of Louisiana, but probably it, too, was closely related to the Pennsylvania type. The lengthy migrations were hardly in keeping with known characteristics of the wood bison of Colorado, Wyoming and Montana and of the Canadian northwest. But this can be clearly judged and determined after the stated facts are weighed and digested. But most interesting of all seems the vast numbers of bison which roamed through the central and western parts of our state, now gone and forgotten through man's rapacious greed.

It was early in the month of August, 1911, that a "clam bake" was given at Quiggle Springs, near McElhattan, in Clinton County. Though the bake was far from a success, as those present well remember, the information concerning the bison in Pennsylvania gleaned at it made it a memorable occasion. About nine o'clock in the evening, while waiting for the clams to be served, the moon began to rise from behind the Bald Eagle Mountain, which towered above the

park. The conversation had turned to old Hylo-shotkee, the Cayuga chief who once resided at the Five Springs, to the eloquent Logan, who often camped there, and then drifted to the subject of hunting adventures. One of the guests, Jacob Quiggle, formerly a Commissioner of Clinton County, at that time nearing his ninetieth birthday, remarked that he had often heard of Hyloshotkee's prowess as a buffalo hunter. Immediately the writer's curiosity was aroused—he has previously interrogated the aged gentleman on almost every subject of Pennsylvania antiquity—and now he was to learn something definite about the bison.

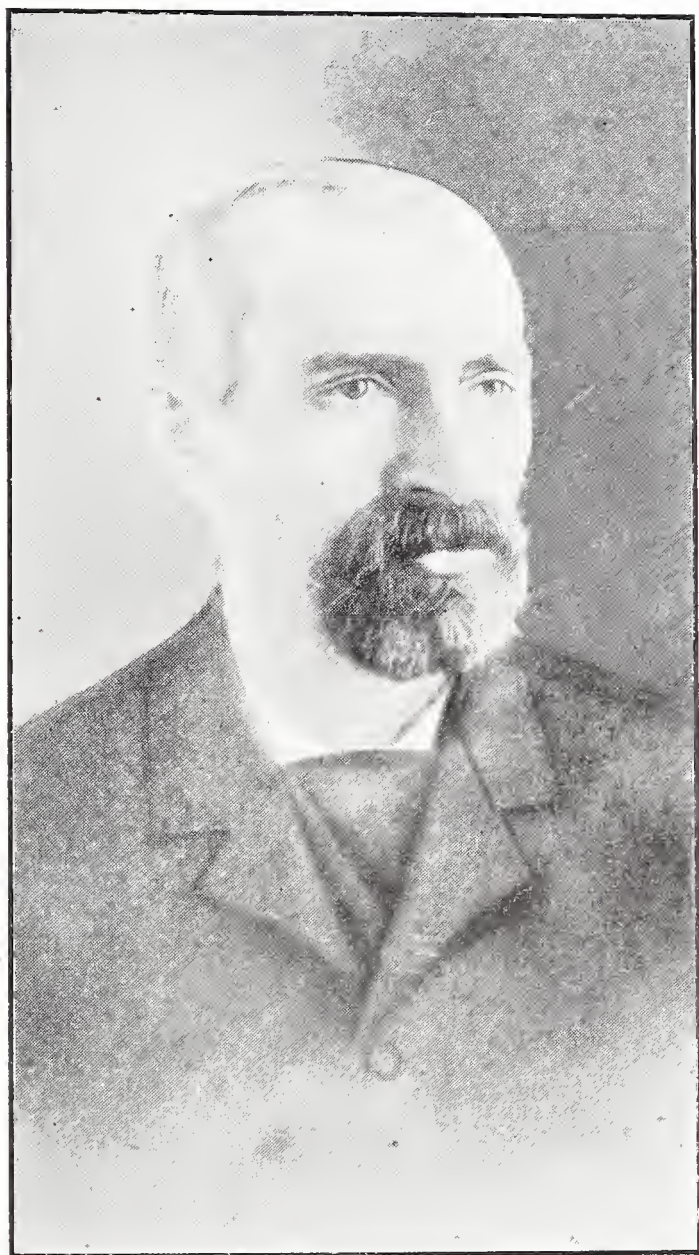
Mr. Quiggle's keen gray eyes kindled with interest in the subject, and he went on to say that his grandfather, Philip Quigley, or Quiggle, who settled in what is now Wayne Township, Clinton County, in 1773, and later was an officer in the Revolutionary War, had been known far and wide as a buffalo hunter. He had been born in Cumberland County in 1745, and grew to manhood with the buffaloes just across the Blue Ridge from his home. As they were gradually driven west and north, to Buffalo Creek in Bedford County, to Buffalo Valley in Union County, he had followed them, until finding a spot of ground which suited him on the West Branch, he had settled in the heart of the Indian and big game country.

The famous "Buffalo Path" had run within a few rods of his cabin, extending through the valley of Henry Run to the east end of Sugar Valley, thence

across the Red Hills, through the west end of White Deer Valley, across the Buffalo Mountains, into Buffalo Valley, across that valley, over Jack's and the White Mountains, into Middle Creek Valley, where the giant beasts wintered in countless numbers. Earlier they had continued their migrations probably as far as Georgia, may bison crossing from the Ohio country into Southern Pennsylvania via Clearfield.

Thomas Ashe, in his "Travels in America," in 1806, says: "The best roads to the Onondago from all parts, are the buffalo tracks; so called from having been observed to be made by the buffaloes in their annual visitations to the lake from their pasture-grounds; and though this is a distance of above two hundred miles, the best surveyor could not have chosen a more direct course or firmer or better ground. I have often traveled these tracks with safety and admiration; I perceived them chosen as if by the nicest judgment; and when at times I was perplexed to find them revert on themselves nearly in parallel lines, I soon found it occasioned by swamps, ponds, or precipices, which the animals knew how to avoid; but that object being affected, the road again swept into its due course, and bore towards its destination as if under the direction of a compass."

Rev. John Ettwein, in his "Notes of Travel in 1772," says: "Reached Clearfield Creek, where the buffaloes formerly cleared large tracts of undergrowth, so as to give them the appearance of cleared fields; hence the Indians call the creek Clearfield."



C. W. DICKINSON (Today)

The herds had been cut in two by the settlers in Philip Quigley's time; the northern and western herds could move no further south than the Valley of Middle Creek. Those in the south had to remain there. Mr. Quiggle stated that when the persimmons became ripe along the Bald Eagle Mountain it was time to look for southern migrations of the buffaloes. In single file they crossed the Susquehanna River just below the Great Island, a short distance east of Lock Haven, followed approximately the line of the New York Central Railroad easterly through Wayne Township, and thence south through the gap in the Bald Eagle Mountains, made by the waters of Henry Run, formerly called Love Run. In Penn's and Middle Creek Valley they were joined by herds which came from the western part of the state via Clearfield. When the red bud was in bloom it was time to look for the northerly migration.

In the autumn migrations, they were mostly killed for their hides, but in spring mainly calves were killed, as buffalo calf meat was highly relished by the pioneers. The calves were born from March to July. When the settlers harrassed the buffaloes, they tried to migrate at night as much as possible, and at the Great Island crossing split into three streams, one pouring through Castanea Gap, to the head of the Kammerdiner Run, and following it east to where it joins with McElhattan Run, to connect with the file which went through McElhattan Gap. Thence these two files went out the valley of Spring Run, where they joined the file that

had come through the Henry Run Gap. The bison traveled not only with order but with time, as they came together like clock-work, as if by preconceived orders, at the head of Spring Run. As to the old Buffalo Path, it is traceable from eastern Sugar Valley, Clinton County, to Buffalo Valley, Union County, a distance of about ten miles, but it is of course not in its original condition.

There is no more interesting pilgrimage for a naturalist than to Buffalo Path Run, which for several miles follows the Buffalo Path. In the depths of the forest, for the distance of about a furlong, the Buffalo Path does not follow the route of the public road, but runs on the opposite side of the creek. For this distance the path remains intact as it was when last used by the vanished millions in their migrations a century and a half ago. The old hunters like "Dave" Zimmerman, Jacob Frank and Aaron Embigh, who knew this "shrine" well, are mostly gone to their last home, but Jacob W. Zimmerman, born in 1852, a son of "Dave" Zimmerman (1821-1899), takes pleasure in showing the old path to interested parties. By rolling away the stones which were slid into the path from the mountain side during the days of the Pardee lumbering operations (1868-1878), the indentations of the hoofs, to be more exact the hollows and ridges made by the heavy feet, are still discernable. An old hemlock tree, close by the path, showed where, according to "Jake" Zimmerman, the huge animals rubbed themselves as they passed by in stately, single file. Unfortunately,

this hemlock was felled by the Pardees about forty years ago, and the forest fires have charred the stump, yet it can be pointed out by Zimmerman to those interested.

The path, after leaving Buffalo Path Run, where it empties into Buffalo Creek, crossed Buffalo Valley in the vicinity of Buffalo X Roads, then over the New Berlin Mountains and Jack's Mountain into the valley of the Christunn or Middle Creek. It crossed Shade Mountain, following that lofty range on a bench southward.

Samuel D. Caldwell, of the Indian Bureau, Washington, D. C., writes: "There is an old path along the Shade Mountain, near the Narrows, and along the east bench, that the people used to call the Braddock Road. After I learned better, I thought it might be an old Indian trail, as it led through Shade Gap, but since reading your book, 'A Pennsylvania Bison Hunt,' I am convinced that it was originally one of the old animal trails which preceded the Indian. I've followed it from the Gap as far west as Croghan's Path—some three miles south of the Gap". In the northern section of the Buffalo Path in Pennsylvania there is a swale known as Buffalo Wallow, near Wharton, Potter County.

Prof. Allen tells of a Buffalo Swamp situated between the Allegheny and the West Branch of the Susquehanna, near the head of Licking and Toby's Creeks. These streams are now called Oil Creek and Clarion River. On the Sayer & Bennett Map of

Pennsylvania, published in 1775, there is an excellent drawing of the famous "Buffaloe Swamp," which seems to be located somewhere northwest of the sources of the East Fork of the Sinnemahoning, and covers an immense area. That buffaloes had a westerly line of migration is attested to by Buffalo Creek and Buffalo Lick Creek, tributaries of the Casselman River in Somerset County. George W. Grove, of Cairnbrook, Somerset County, born in 1849, says: "As to the last buffalo killed in Somerset County, as near as I can remember, my father told me that it was killed by a man named John Yutsey, about 1810, at the Laizer place, a piece of low, swampy ground near Shanksville". That is the same year that Frederick Stamm, according to Harry Hess, of Boalsburg, Centre County, is said to have killed a bison in Northumberland County.

The last bison killed in West Virginia was taken in Kanawha County in 1815. One was seen in Huntingdon County in 1805; in 1825 a buffalo cow and calf were seen near the source of the Tygart River. Evidently some of these animals, prevented from returning northward by settlements and hunters, remained the balance of their days in the deep recesses of the Western Virginia wilds.

Asked definitely to describe the Pennsylvania bison, Mr. Quiggle stated that his memory was clear on that point, for although his grandfather, the hunter, had died before his birth, and his father had passed on

while he was still a young boy, from his mother and other older relatives he had heard the subject gone over again and again.

In the first place, the bison of Pennsylvania was a tremendous animal. Like the wood bison of the flanks of the Rocky Mountains and Canada Northwest, he exceeded in size the buffaloes met with west of Ohio, Kentucky and Tennessee. In color the Pennsylvania bison was very dark, many of the old bulls being coal black, with grizzly white hairs around the nose and eyes. The hair was very short, and with a tendency to crispness or curliness, especially at the joints. The hump, so conspicuous on the western bison, was notable by its absence. The first settlers, on seeing the animals, called them "wild bulls." The legs were long, and fore and back legs evenly placed, the heavy front and meagre hind quarters of the western bison were not present; in other words, the Pennsylvania bison was a beautifully proportioned beast. He was an agile runner and climber, carried no superfluous flesh, was adapted in every way for life in a rough, mountainous country. The bulls often weighed a ton, the mature cows half that much. The hair on the neck and shoulders was no longer than on other parts of the body, except with mature bulls, who carried a sort of mane or crest which reached its maximum length where the hump grows on the prairie buffalo. Both males and females wore beards, but they were not heavy, and consisted of tufts of straight, stiff black hair. The horns, which in mature specimens were very long, grew

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upwards, like the horns of Ayrshire cattle. Apparently the horns were much like those of bison bonasus of Lithuania and the Caucasus.

The Pennsylvania bison preferred dense forests, although on warm, sunshiny days in winter they could be found sunning themselves in abandoned Indian fields in Middle Creek Valley. In early summer, they could be found pasturing along Lake Erie and Lake Ontario, but as the season advanced, gradually retired to the cool mountain tops in Northern Pennsylvania, where they lingered until the first snows—the “persimmon time” further south. By the time of the fall migration calves which had been born mostly in March and April were well advanced, and many appeared to be the size of yearling cattle. The impression among the early hunters was that the great northern herd, which, when Philip Quigley settled on the West Branch in 1773, still numbered about 12,000 animals, was split up into a vast number of “families,” consisting of a mature bull and a dozen cows with a like number of yearlings and calves. At the end of the migration followed the weaker and aged bulls, which had no mates; also the buffalo oxen of still greater size than the biggest bulls, these last-named castrated by the wolves of Northern Pennsylvania. Behind the stragglers skulked troops of grey wolves, which followed the herd as far as the Great Island crossing, where they retired, the pursuit being taken up by packs of smaller brown wolves, which followed the bison from the famous wolf rocks on Henry Run

as far south as White Deer Valley, where they retired in favor of the larger black wolves. These black wolves, whose stronghold was on the Seven Mountains, preyed on the sickly, wounded and aged buffaloes during their entire winter's stay in the Valley of Middle Creek.

On the notherly migrations, according to Mr. Quiggle, bands of buffalo were constantly dropping out of the great herd; these were the "families," each led by a giant bull. Many of these groups summered in the high table-lands of the Seven Mountains, in what is now Gregg Township, Centre County, where they seemed to feel particularly content. By 1770 no bison summered in the ridges adjacent to the West Branch Valley, as the settlers kept them on the run. Even at migration time they would have avoided crossing the valley had not the instinct of countless centuries been too difficult to overcome. When the part of the herd which once summered at the northern limit of the range, which was where the city of Buffalo, New York, now stands, commenced their southern journey, in some mysterious way, probably by an acute sense of smell, knowledge of this was imparted to the heads of the bison "families" which had "dropped off," at each sequestered and grassy spot on the way north in the spring. These heads of families would ascend to the tops of high peaks and bellow loudly for several days, drawing their little colonies around them, and when the herd passed down the path, fall into line for the journey to the southland.

This bellowing, or drawing together of the clans, informed the hunters of the proximity of the migration, and all they had to do was to post themselves along the paths and kill as many bison as they wished. Many were killed for sport, or to prevent the settlers further south from enjoying them. These buffalo paths, which all converged with the main path, were often worn two feet deep with the tread of the countless herds for countless years. The bark of the adjacent trees had been all worn off by the huge creatures rubbing themselves. Along Buffalo Path Run, in Buffalo Gap, Union County, the path is very plainly marked today, although no buffaloes have tramped over it in a hundred and fifteen years! Until it was cut some years ago, a large hemlock tree by this path showed the marks where it had been rubbed by the bison. The path is a familiar landmark, and part of it is a trail to this day for prospectors, hunters, fishermen and berry-pickers.

Although the Indians of Pennsylvania killed many buffaloes, they only did so for food and clothing, and were careful to keep alive plenty of good, healthy breeders. They only killed such animals as were absolutely necessary to them; not a single bone or sinew was wasted. With such hunting there was no danger of buffaloes or any other animals becoming extinct. It was only when the white hunters came, men of lowly origin, whose forbears were not allowed to carry firearms, or enter in the game preserves and parks of the gentry of the old countries, who slaughtered the

bison without rime or reason. They killed for the sheer love of gore and brutality; they killed until ammunition and strength became exhausted; they killed lest somebody else later on have something left to kill. In Pennsylvania these rapacious beings speedily wiped out the tens of thousands of buffaloes, as well as the moose, elk, brown bears, beavers, otters, fishers, heath cocks, paroquets, pileated woodpeckers, wild pigeons and other valuable and necessary animals and birds.

It is a horrible story to relate, but it is not ended, as the descendants of these gauche marauders have ravished the burned forests, and now their factories pollute our rivers and streams and kill the fish. They will not be content until Pennsylvania is as desolate as China, and they have prevented posterity from having anything worth while!

Gradually the herds which headed south became less and less in numbers. The aggregation which passed through Henry Run annually undoubtedly joined a still larger body in Middle Creek Valley in an early day on their march to Georgia. But towards the end, the Valley of Middle Creek was as far south as they dared to travel, and some of the vast armies from Western Pennsylvania came to join them no more. In various parts of the state we get glimpses of how plentiful were the bison at the end of the eighteenth century.

Prof. Allen quotes from Thomas Ashe's well-known book, "Travels in America," in 1806, as follows: "In the vicinity of the spot where the town of Clarion now

stands, in Northwestern Pennsylvania, one of the first settlers built a log cabin near a salt spring which was visited by buffaloes in such numbers that he supposed there could not have been less than two thousand there at a time."

Prof. Allen stated that near the heads of Oil Creek and the Clarion River there were at one time thousands of buffaloes. Waterford, in Erie County, was originally called Le Boeuf, and is situated on Le Boeuf Lake. French Creek, in Venango County, was originally Riviere des Boeufs. Big Buffalo Creek is in Armstrong County—all famous resorts of the bison in the old days. They were more prevalent in Pennsylvania than all the vast herds of various wild animals which were found by the first pioneers in South and South Central Africa.

S. N. Rhoads further quotes Ashe as saying that the old settler at Clarion declared that for the first several seasons the buffaloes visited his salt spring with the utmost regularity. They traveled in single file, always following each other at equal distances, forming droves on their arrival of about three hundred each. These embraced probably a score of family groups, which perhaps had some "clan" relationship. The first and second years, so unacquainted were these poor brutes with this man's house or with his nature, that in a few hours they rubbed the house completely down, taking delight in turning the logs of wood off with their horns, while he had some difficulty to escape from being trampled under their feet or crushed to

death in his own ruins. At that time he estimated there could not have been less than ten thousand in the neighborhood of the spring. They sought for no manner of food, but only bathed and drank three or four times a day and rolled in the earth, or reposed with their flanks distended, in the adjacent shades, and departed in single files, according to the exact order of their arrival. They all rolled successively in the same hole, and each thus carried away a coat of mud to preserve the moisture of the skin, and which, when hardened and baked by the sun, would resist the stings of millions of insects that otherwise would persecute these peaceful travelers to madness or even death. In the first and second years this old man with some companions killed from six to seven hundred of these noble creatures, merely for the sake of their skins, which to them were worth only two shillings each, and after this "work of death," they were obliged to leave the place till the following season, or till the wolves, bears, panthers, eagles, rooks, ravens, etc., had devoured the carcasses and abandoned the place for other prey. In the two following years the same persons killed great numbers out of the first droves that arrived, skinned them and left the bodies exposed to the sun and air. But they soon had reason to repent of this; for the remaining droves, as they came up in succession, stopped, gazed on the mangled and putrid bodies, sorrowfully moaned or furiously howled aloud, and returned instantly to the wilderness in an unusual run without tasting their favorite spring or licking the

impregnated earth, which was alone once their most agreeable occupation; nor did they or any of their race ever revisit that neighborhood.

There was a salt spring in Dauphin County which the bison visited in spring and fall. It was situated in the wilds of Stony Creek Country, and the vast herds to reach it crossed the river at Haldeman's Island, near the mouth of the Juniata. Many were drowned at high water, so intent were they to reach their favorite retreat.

Thomas Ashe says elsewhere in his book, referring to the bloody scenes at Clarion, "The simple history of this spring is that of every other in the settled parts of this western world. I met with a man who had killed two thousand buffaloes (in Pennsylvania) with his own hand, and others, no doubt, have done the same thing. In consequence of this proceeding not one buffalo at this time (1811) found east of the Mississippi, except a few domesticated by the curious or carried through the country on a public show."

John Filson, writing in 1784, of the Blue Licks in Kentucky, stated: "I have heard a hunter assert he saw about one thousand buffaloes at these licks at once; so numerous were they before the first settlers had wantonly sported away their lives."

All through Pennsylvania the story was the same—wanton, sordid and unnecessary—the annihilation of a race of animals which could have been domesticated and furnished hides and beef to a vast population. Perhaps it is just as well that so few of the details of



E. H. DICKINSON (1810-1885)
Father of C. W. Dickinson

the passing of the Pennsylvania bison are available, as they would sicken and disgust all thoughtful and sensible persons. It is best that the waters of oblivion have closed over the entire horrible transaction, yet a word to the wise is sometimes sufficient to stay the hand that is bent on wiping out the remaining forms of wild life in the Keystone State. The passing of our bison should serve as an object lesson of the need of organized conservation, if our deer, bears, wild cats, wild turkeys and grouse are to be saved.

Thomas Ashe, in commenting on the cruel annihilation of the lordly bison, says: "The first settlers, not content with this sanguinary extermination of the animals, also destroyed the food to which it was most partial, which was the cane, growing in forests and brakes of immeasurable extent. To this the unsparing wretches set fire in dry seasons, in order to drive out every living creature, and then hunt and persecute them to death."

Among the early pioneers in Pennsylvania and elsewhere the bison were known as "wild bulls" and "wild cattle". All the Bull Runs, Bull Creeks and Bull Hollows in the Keystone State indicate that a buffalo was once killed on their banks. In the State of Wyoming there is a Grey Bull River, which name commemorates the killing of a grey or white bison by a band of Indians so many years ago. Pennsylvania has a Bull Run or Bull Creek in almost every county, as well as many Buffalo Runs, Buffalo Creeks, Buffalo Swamps, Buffalo Mountains, Buffalo

Valleys, also a Buffalo Lick Run and a Buffalo Wallow. Thus is the name of the lordly bison indelibly written on the face of Pennsylvania.

Joseph Doddridge, in his "Notes on the Settlement of Western Pennsylvania," in a poem called "Elegy on the Family Vault," in referring to his father's hunting prowess, says:

"The shaggy native cattle of the west,
The bounding elk, with branching antlers large,
The growling panther, with his frowning crest,
Were victims to his well-aimed, deadly charge."

Joseph Doddridge's father moved from Maryland to Bedford County in 1768, and to Washington County in 1773. It is assumed that most of his buffalo hunting was done in the southwestern section of Pennsylvania. Buffalo Creek and Buffalo Mountain are in Bedford County, and Buffalo Creek and Buffalo Post Office are in Washington County; Buffalo Lick Run is just west of Bedford, in Somerset County.

The younger Doddridge, writing in 1824, added: "The buffalo and the elk have entirely disappeared from this section of the country."

Among the leading streams which bear the name of this *Bos Americanus* are Le Boeuf River, Erie County; Big Buffalo Creek, Armstrong County; Buffalo Run, Centre County; Bull Creek, Butler County; and Buffalo Creeks in Butler, Bedford, Perry, Somerset, Union, Washington and Allegheny Counties, all situated along the routes of the two lines of migration of the animals from Lake Erie (the vicinity of Buffalo,

New York) southward, one route on the west flank, the other on the east flank of the Allegheny Mountains.

Old Flavel Bergstresser was for several years a familiar figure about the ancient Kleckner House at New Berlin. The former seat of justice of Union County lies immediately east of the White Mountains, where the bison made their last stand in Pennsylvania. The aged man, who picked up an honest penny hostling and doing chores for traveling men, was a genial soul and on occasion could be induced to tell of his illustrious family connections.

Chief among his celebrated forebears was his great-grandfather, Martin Bergstresser, a Snyder County pioneer, who helped to wipe out the last herd of wild bison in the Keystone State. Incidentally, through marriage, he was related to Flavel Roan, an eccentric genius, who, in his youth, had been famous as a slayer of Pennsylvania bison. About twelve years ago, when the writer was in Union and Snyder Counties, gathering the old folk-tales and legends of the Pennsylvania Mountains, he was directed to Flavel Bergstresser as the possessor of a retentive memory and a seemingly inexhaustible stock of information. It happened that one of the writer's companions on this excursion was Captain John Q. Dyce, of Clinton County, famed in Central Pennsylvania as a poet, orator and student of folk-lore. Captain Dyce and Bergstresser recognized one another as old friends, as they had gone through Muncy Dam together on a raft which followed the

one which was wrecked, causing the loss of three young men, one memorable May morning in 1843.

One tale of the long ago led to another, old Bergstresser waxing eloquent when he realized that he was being treated as an equal and a man of intelligence, and not as a broken-down hostler, to be sworn at and kicked about. The conversation passed from rafting to politics, from politics to religion, from religion to hunting, where it stuck, for both old men were enthusiastic devotees of the chase. It began with wild pigeons, passed to brown bears, to panthers, to elks, and then to buffaloes, to a time before the memory of most living Pennsylvanians.

Sitting down in a comfortable corner of the steps of the hotel, and leaning against an upright, old Bergstresser took off his hat, stroked his long white beard, and related the story of the annihilation of the last bison herd and the last individual buffalo in Pennsylvania. The story is given in full in Chapter XVII of the writer's "More Pennsylvania Mountain Stories," but the salient facts will be given in the ensuing paragraphs.

It appeared from what Bergstresser said that by the close of the eighteenth century the last herd of Pennsylvania bison, numbering nearly four hundred animals of all ages, had taken refuge in the wilds of the Seven Mountains. The settlements in Middle Creek Valley prevented them from wintering there as of yore, and the persistent slaughter in the West Branch Valley made it unsafe for them to try to escape to the

north. Hemmed in on all sides, they survived a while by hiding on the highest and most inaccessible mountains, or in the deepest and darkest ravines. The winter of 1799-1800 was particularly severe, and life on the bleak mountain-tops became unbearable to the starving brutes. They must penetrate into the valleys, where grass could be dug out from under the snow, or perish of hunger. Led by a giant coal-black bull called "Old Logan," after the Mingo chieftain of that name, the herd started in single file one winter's morning for the clear and comfortable stretches of the valley of the Christunn, now known as Middle Creek.

While passing through the woods at the edge of a clearing belonging to a young man named Samuel McClellan, they were attacked by that Nimrod, who killed four fine cows. Previously, while still on the mountain, a count of the herd had been made, and it numbered three hundred and forty-five animals. Passing from the McClellan property, the herd fell afoul of the barnyard and haystack of Martin Bergstresser, a settler who had recently arrived from Berks County. His first season's hay crop, a good-sized pile, stood beside his recently completed log barn. This hay was needed to feed a number of cows and sheep and a team of horses. The cattle and sheep were sidling close to the stack when they scented the approaching buffaloes. With "Old Logan" at their head, the famished bison herd broke loose through the stump fence, crushing the helpless domestic animals beneath their mighty

rush, and were soon complacently pulling to pieces the hay-pile.

Bergstresser, who was in a nearby field cutting wood, heard the commotion and rushed to the scene. Aided by his daughter, Katie, a girl of about eighteen, and Samuel McClellan, who joined the party, four buffaloes were slain. The deaths of their comrades and the attacks of the settlers' dogs terrified the buffaloes and they swept out of the barnyard and up the frozen bed of the creek. When they were gone, awful was the desolation left behind. The barn was still standing, but the fences, spring house and hay-stack were gone, as if swept away by a flood. Six cows, four calves and thirty-five sheep lay crushed and dead among the ruins. The horses which were inside the barn remained unharmed. McClellan started homeward after the departure of the buffaloes, but when he got within sight of his clearing he uttered a cry of surprise and horror. Three hundred or more bison were snorting and trotting around the lot where his cabin stood, obscuring the structure by their huge dark bodies.

The pioneer rushed bravely through the roaring, crazy, surging mass, only to find "Old Logan", his eyes bloodshot and flaming, standing guard in front of the cabin door. He fired at the monster, wounding him, which so infuriated the giant bull that he plunged headlong through the door of the cabin. The herd, accustomed at all times to follow their leader, forced their way after him as best they could.

through the narrow opening. Vainly did McClellan fire his musket, and when the ammunition was exhausted he drove his bear knife into the beasts' flanks to try and stop them in their mad course. Inside were the pioneer's wife and three little children, the oldest five years, and he dreaded to think of their awful fate. He could not stop the buffaloes, which continued filing through the doorway until they were jammed in the cabin as tightly as wooden animals in a toy Noah's ark.

No sound came from the victims inside; all he could hear was the snorting and bumping of the giant beasts in their cramped quarters. The sound of the crazy stampede brought Martin Bergstresser and three other neighbors to the spot, all carrying guns. It was decided to tear down the cabin as the only possible means of saving the lives of the McClellan family. When the cabin had been battered down the bison, headed by "Old Logan", swarmed from the ruins like giant black bees from a hive. McClellan had the pleasure of shooting "Old Logan" as he emerged, but it was small satisfaction. When the men entered the cabin they were shocked to find the bodies of the pioneer's wife and three children dead and crushed deep into the mud of the earthen floor by the cruel hoofs. Of the furniture, nothing remained of larger size than a handspike. The news of this terrible tragedy spread all over the valley, and it was suggested on all sides that the murderous bison be completely exterminated. The idea

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took concrete form when Bergstresser and McClellan started on horseback, one riding towards the river and the other towards the headwaters of Middle Creek, to invite the settlers to join the hunt.

Meanwhile there was another blizzard, but every man invited accepted with alacrity. About fifty hunters assembled at the Bergstresser home and marched like an invading army in the direction of the mountains. Among them were Jacob Stuck, George Ott, Emmanuel Snyder, Joseph Ogden, George Schnable, John Young, William Doran, George Everhart, Gottfried Fryer, Jacob Fryer, Dennis Mucklehenny, Peter Fisher, Christian Fisher, John Hager, Jacob Long, Sr., George Michael, Francis Rhoads, Conrad Weiser, Jr., Peter Arbogast, Joseph Pauling, Albert Swineford, John Swineford, George Swineford, Jacob Jarrett, Sr., John Middleswarth, George Good, John Hittardantive, Harry Lauder, Harry Lehr, Jonathan Farnsworth, George Wickersham, George Weirick, John Hartmann, Adam Dressler, George Kessler, John Kriegbaum, George Benfer, John Hummel, Solomon Miller, Moses Troup, Peter Troup. After all these years some of the names have a strangely familiar ring. Many dogs, some partly wolf, accompanied the hunters. They were out two days before discovering their quarry, as the fresh snow had covered all the buffalo paths.

The brutes were all huddled together up to their necks in snow in a great hollow space known as the "Sink", formed by Boonestiel's Tongue in the heart

of the White Mountains, near the present town of Weikert, Union County, and the hunters, looking down on them from the high plateau above, now known as the Big Flats, estimated their numbers at three hundred. When they got among the animals they found them numb from cold and hunger, but had they been physically able they could not have moved, so deeply were they "crusted" in the drifts.

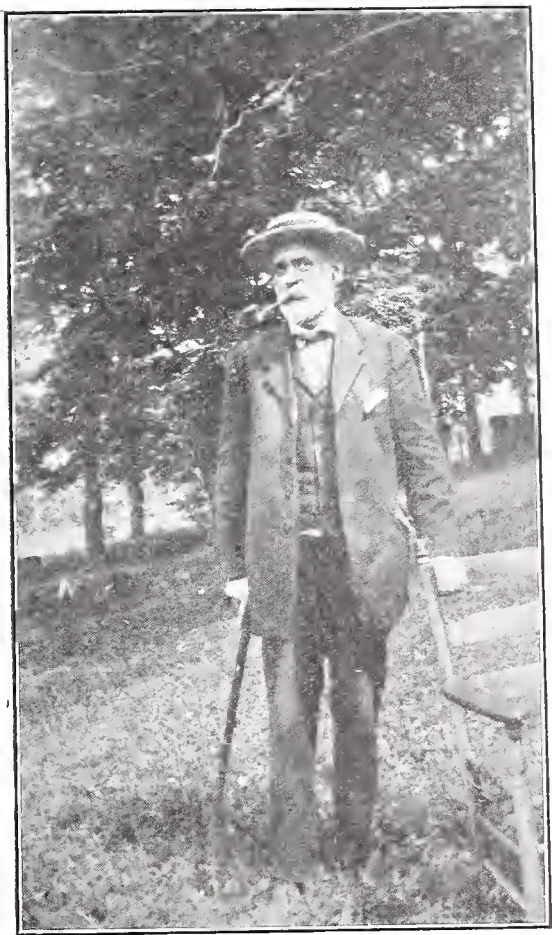
The work of slaughter quickly began. Some used guns, but the most killed them by cutting their throats with long bear knives. The snow was too deep to attempt skinning them, but many tongues were saved, and these the backwoodsmen shoved into the huge pockets of their deerskin coats until they could hold no more. After the last buffalo had been dispatched the triumphant hunters climbed back to the summit of Council Kup, where they lit a huge bonfire which was to be a signal to the women and children in the valleys below that the last herd of Pennsylvania bison was no more, and that the McClellan family had been avenged.

Then the party marched down to the lowlands singing German hymns. It was a horrible sight that they left behind them in the Sink. Three hundred dead buffaloes stood upright in the frozen crust most with jaws broken, and all with tongues gone, while the ice about them resembled a sheet of crimson glass. Later in the season some of the hunters returned to see if they could procure a few of the hides, but the alternate freezes and thaws had rendered them valueless.

To this day the barren flat where the McClellan cabin stood is known as the Buffalo Field. It is situated in high ground a short distance to the east of the old Port Ann distillery near Troxelville. The date of the annihilation of the last bison herd is put by Bergstresser at December 31, 1799. He comes to this conclusion as he always heard it was "after Christmas and before the New Year"

If there were other herds from the western part of the State wiped out at about this time or later, the writer has been unable to obtain an inkling. Most probably they were driven into Ohio and West Virginia and were annihilated. Dr. Schoepf, journeying from Harrisburg to Pittsburg in 1783, states in his valuable book, "Travels in the Confederation", that the buffaloes in the vicinity of Pittsburg had been driven to Ohio before his arrival in the future "Smoky City". However, only a few years before bison were found in large numbers on Buffalo Creek, in Bedford County. The year 1795 marked the disappearance of the last herds from the northwestern part of the State, and the migration from Lake Erie to Southern Pennsylvania had ceased before the "Great Runaway" on the West Branch in 1778.

Doubtless at one time, probably as late as 1770, the streams of bison from New York and the Ohio country united in the Southern Pennsylvania valleys and swarmed in solid phalanx into the warmer regions of the Carolinas and Tennessee each winter. Settlements in Southern Pennsylvania checked the



JOHN C. FRENCH

migrations, and no bison moved farther south than Middle Creek Valley after that. To come north meant death. The Seven Mountains became the final stronghold of the buffaloes from the north and north-west of Pennsylvania. Gradually these were killed off or perished from severe winters and lack of food. The herd killed at the close of 1799 were probably the last, except for a few stragglers remaining in the State. If they had not blundered into the valley of Middle Creek, impelled by blind instinct and starvation, they might have lasted a score of years longer, or into the memory of men now living. Their extinction, therefore, was en masse, and not a gradual like the later extermination of the elk. This accident caused their wiping out, as they were otherwise able to care for themselves as the elks. The caribou traveled in herds, migrated between the northern mountains and the southern valleys in Pennsylvania; were no more fleet of foot or shy than the buffaloes.

Jim Jacobs, a Seneca Indian, is credited with having killed the last native wild elk in Pennsylvania in 1867. John D. Decker killed a young elk in Centre County later, but it was probably an escaped animal from some gentleman's private park or zoo.

Col. John Kelly, heralded as slayer of the last wild buffalo in Pennsylvania, was born within a stone's throw of the birthplace of Robert Fulton, in Lancaster County, on February 11, 1744. Little is known of his early career except that he chafed at the monotony of life in a settled country, and longed for the "sweet dan-

gers" of the frontier. In 1768 he removed to Buffalo Valley, which had long been noted as a feeding ground for vast herds of bison. Buffalo Creek, which flowed through the valley, was the favorite bathing place for the "vanished millions". Numbers of these noble brutes always summered on Buffalo Mountain. Six feet tall, with sandy hair and blue eyes, John Kelly made an ideal pioneer. He never knew such a thing as fatigue or discouragement. He became a famous Indian fighter, and is said to have had one hundred "nicks" on his trusty rifle, indicating the number of redmen whom he made "bite" the dust".

Many anecdotes are told of his prowess in battling with the fierce savages. They are among the most thrilling in the annals of the Indian warfare. When the Revolutionary War broke out he was among the first to enlist for the colonists. Being rapidly promoted for bravery, he soon attained the rank of Colonel. His bravery at the battle of Princeton was conspicuous. After the Revolution he returned to his comfortable homestead in what is now Kelly Township, Union County. There were still a few marauding Indians to kill, but he devoted his time principally to farming and hunting big game. His specialty was buffaloes, and his friends stated that he killed over a hundred of these animals. The stories of some of his hunts have been handed down to us by Michael Grove, one of the pioneers of Buffalo Valley, who died in 1827.

Late in the fall of 1800, after the first snowfall, while out with one of his neighbors, Michael McAllister, looking for wolf tracks, he noticed three buffaloes, a bull, a cow and a calf, at the edge of a wood in one of his clearings. This clearing is a short distance south of the Kelly home. McAllister fired, killing the calf, but the bull and cow escaped into the forest. This pair, which were of enormous size, were noticed from time to time in the neighborhood, but managed to elude their pursuers. But it seemed as if fate was preserving this, the last of the bison in Pennsylvania, to fall to the unerring bullet of the intrepid Colonel. On the morning of January 19, 1801, Kelly was riding horseback on his way to mill, mounted on "Brandywine", his old charger of the Revolution. It was a misty morning, and had not his horse snorted he would have ridden squarely into a mammoth buffalo bull which completely blocked the narrow cross-roads. Kelly dismounted from his horse, and taking leisurely aim, shot the bison through the heart.

The spot where this buffalo was killed, which proved to be the last of its species shot in Pennsylvania in a wild state, as far as proved, became known as Buffalo Cross-Roads. The huge skull, nailed to a pitch-pine tree, was a familiar landmark for many years. About 1820 it was blown from the tree in a gale, being picked up by one of the Kleckner children, relatives of the Kellys, and for half a century reposed in the garret of the Kleckner homestead in the vicin-

ity of Buffalo Cross-Roads. When the mansion was remodeled some years ago, a careless house-cleaner threw the horns into a basket of trash and they were burned in a bonfire in the yard before their value was ascertained.

A slightly different version from the lips of Dr. Samuel Ludwig Beck, of Lewisburg, is recorded in Prof. Allen's "History of the American Bison", page 485. In it J. Wolfe, of Lewisburg, is quoted as writing to Prof. J. R. Loomis, of the University of Lewisburg (now Bucknell) as follows:

"Since seeing you this morning I have had a conversation with Dr. Beck, and he informs me that buffaloes at an early day were very abundant in this (Buffalo) Valley, and that the valley received its name from that circumstance. The Doctor received his information from Colonel John Kelly, who was a prominent and early settler in the valley. Kelly told the Doctor that he shot the last one that was seen in the valley. Kelly received his information of the abundance of buffaloes from an old Indian named Logan, friendly to the whites, and who remained among the whites after the Indians were driven away. Colonel Kelly owned a farm about five miles from Lewisburg, in Kelly Township, which was named for him. About 1790 or 1800 (such is the indefiniteness) Colonel Kelly was out with his gun on the McAllister farm (which joined that of Colonel Kelly), and just at evening saw and shot a buffalo. His dog was young, and at so late an hour did not allow it to

pursue. The next morning he went to hunt his game, but did not find it. Nearly a week later word was brought him that it had been found, dead, some mile or two away. He found the information correct, but the animal had been considerably torn and eaten by the wolves. Dr. Beck had the account from Colonel Kelly about three months before his death. The Colonel also told him that the valley was wooded originally with large but scattered trees, so that the grass grew abundantly and furnished good pasturage for the buffalo, and that the animal had been from this circumstance very abundant in the valley. He (Dr. Beck) had the same statement from Michael Grove, also one of the first settlers in the valley."

The Logan referred to is Captain John Logan, older brother of James Logan, the Mingo Chief and Orator. Michael Grove, who died in 1827, aged 70 years, was a younger brother of Peter Grove; both of the Groves belonged to the Rangers. Dr. Beck was a leading practitioner and large land owner of Derrstown, now called Lewisburg. He was born in 1802 and died in 1882.

The buffalo cow which escaped McAllister and Colonel Kelly in 1800 ultimately took refuge in the "tight end" of Buffalo Valley. There in the wilderness it defied its pursuers for several years. Jonas J. Barnett, born in 1838, a splendid old gentleman residing at Weikert, Union County, informed the writer that his great uncle, Jacob Weikert, who settled on the site of the town bearing his name in 1800, went after

this buffalo repeatedly, at last driving it out of the valley in the direction of Lewistown. Thus the ultimate fate of the last buffalo in Pennsylvania is unknown, unless later research in Mifflin County will bring it to light. A buffalo is said to have been killed on Buffalo Run, Centre County (near Hunter's Park). This might have been the same animal.

The career of Jacob Weikert reads like a romance. He was a native of Berks County, but preferring life in the unsettled regions, moved into the "narrow point" of Buffalo Valley. For seven years he was unable to keep hogs on his place, owing to the depredations of panthers. All told, he probably killed over one thousand panthers, wolves and bears, as well as countless deer and other game. The Kelly homestead was remodelled in 1914. The giant open fire-places where the old pioneer sat on winter evenings and told Indian and hunting stories were torn away, and the attic stripped of relics. It is said that the horns of several buffaloes killed by Colonel Kelly prior to 1800 hung there for many years, but the writer, who visited the spot while the remodeling was in progress, accompanied by Mr. S. N. Rhoads, the Philadelphia naturalist, could not learn if they had been destroyed or lost. As few horns were preserved as trophies by the old timers—it was an unsentimental age—it would be unusual if these priceless souvenirs had been kept.

In the field east of the Kelly mansion is the grave of an Indian who came very near to putting an

end to the Colonel's life. Years after the Revolution, when Kelly was seated one fine June evening on his porch, he noticed something stir behind a large gum tree in his pasture-lot. As he never moved without his trusted rifle, he lifted it to a position quickly in time to let fly a ball at the head of a redskin as he poked it out for a moment from behind the tree. Before the savage could discharge his firearm he was a dead Indian. Not wishing to terrify his women folks, Kelly strode down to the pasture, and with the aid of a manure-fork, buried the Indian, whom he recognized as Bull Head, so named on account of his broad skull, and a redman who cherished an old grudge against him.

One Christmas day, a few years later, when Colonel Kelly's grandchildren and great-grandchildren were playing in the yard, a hunting dog ran up with the Indian's skull in his mouth. There was great excitement for a time, to be sure. Explanations being necessary, the old Indian fighter retailed the episode to his family circle that evening as they were gathered around the inglenook.

Colonel Kelly was fond of young people, and until within four years of his death was known as the most accomplished dancer in Buffalo Valley. He died on February 18, 1832, aged 88 years. His remains rest under a handsome monument in the picturesque New Cemetery at Lewisburg. His grave has been a favorite shrine for lovers of history and sport, and for years it was pointed out to visitors by

the late lamented sexton of the cemetery, Captain W. L. Donachy. As far as is known, no portrait of Colonel Kelly exists. His descendants aver that, like William Penn, the mighty buffalo hunter steadfastly refused to have his portrait painted. There is a rumor, however, that a traveling German artist sketched him unawares at the request of one of his sons. There are some persons who claim to have seen this likeness, and they say that it shows a man strikingly like George Washington in contour of features. Such a portrait, if in existence now, would be of priceless value and diligent search should be made for it, and it should be deposited in the State Museum at Harrisburg.

Frederick Stamm, formerly of Berks County, killed a buffalo in Northumberland County in 1810. The hide of this bison figured in a public sale held at Boalsburg, Centre County, in April, 1916, but the name of the buyer is not available at present. On page 361 of "The Annals of Harrisburg", compiled by George H. Morgan (published by George A. Brooks, 1858) in an article entitled "A Wild Buffalo Killed in Harrisburg", is the following narrative:

"Mr. Peter Snyder relates that on a Sunday morning, about the year 1792, a wild buffalo suddenly came among a herd of cows who were at pasture in what was at that time known as 'Maclay's Swamp', which occupied pretty much all the country lying on the west and north side of Capitol Hill to the ridge on the opposite side of Paxton Creek. The cows were

frightened at the appearance of the strange animal, and scampered off rapidly towards the town; while the buffalo, as thoroughly frightened by the sudden stampede, and following the habit of its kind, ran with the drove for safety. The surprise of the quiet citizens, as these excited animals entered the village, may be better imagined than described. Many who had never seen a buffalo, and ignorant of its nature, were alarmed beyond measure, and retreated to their dwellings; while others, better informed, and eager for sport and profit, quickly procured their guns and went in pursuit of the singular visitor with the view of its capture. After an exciting race through the streets this was finally accomplished by chasing it, with a number of cows, into a stable belonging to Mr. Harris, in River Alley. Here the buffalo was killed and its carcass divided among its captors."

For nearly half a century Pennsylvania enjoyed the melancholy distinction of being the leading tanning ground for western buffalo hides. From about 1845 to 1885, it is estimated that one million bison hides were tanned in this State, mostly at the big tannery of the Wilcox Tanning Co., at Wilcox, Elk County. Most of the hides were tanned for leather purposes. Some hides were sent there to be tanned as robes and sold on consignment, in consequence of which they became a drug on the local market. They were sold to neighboring lumbermen and farmers at \$20 per bale, a bale containing 12 hides. There are still a few of these hides to be picked up about Wil-

cox, those in good condition bringing never less than \$50 apiece. All through Pennsylvania buffalo robes were familiar sights in farmhouses, in livery stables and sleighs, until very recently. Now they are scarce, except perhaps in Snyder County. The writer has a magnificent robe purchased from the estate of the late Cornelius Cromley, of Clinton County, who had bought it in 1880 from John Wannamaker, of Philadelphia, at the price of \$3.50.

But the re-introduction of the buffalo in living form will be more interesting to the readers of these pages. Shortly after the Civil War a number of bison were shipped to this State, butchered and served at barbecues. One of the most famous of these was when a Kansas buffalo weighing a ton was slaughtered at Reading at a big political barbecue during the Tilden campaign in 1876. A live buffalo calf was shipped from Nebraska to Abe Sheesley, of Jersey Shore, in 1879, and for a year or two made a gentle and affectionate pet. During the running season in the animal's third year, he jumped fences, butted down small buildings, chased dogs and children, making himself generally obnoxious. Finally the animal was chained in a stable where he was kept for several years. He was mated with several cows of the domestic variety, and his offspring were said to be handsome creatures. Unfortunately, they had little respect for fences or enclosures, and generally had to be killed when two or three years old. Mr. Sheeslev became tired of his unmanageable pet

and had him butchered. The animal weighed dressed a ton, and the good people of Jersey Shore and Chatham's Run besieged butcher W. H. Schwer's traveling market wagon to taste the flesh of the late monarch of the plains. The horns adorned the Sheesley home on Buffalo Hill for many years.

In Colonel John G. Millias' interesting book, "British Deer and Their Horns", is an amusing account of a herd of buffaloes exported from the United States to Scotland by Sir William Stewart, who served at the Battle of Waterloo. It is as follows:

"Sir William was one of the first men 'out west' and his life was a complete romance. Certain aspersions were cast on his pluck after Waterloo, and to show that they were false he went out to the Rocky Mountains and lived amongst the Sioux for five years. There he became a first-class bandit, but displayed such courage they made him a chief. Wearying of his wild life, he returned to Murthly, bringing with him, however, almost a dozen of his pals amongst the Sioux and a herd of buffaloes. The latter he lodged in a beautiful park at Rohallion, surrounding it with a stone wall seven feet high with a wire fence on top of that.

"If my reader is a lover of Punch, as he is pretty sure to be, he will recollect a drawing by John Leech of Mr. Briggs being taken through Buffalo Park by his friend. This friend was my father (Sir John E. Millais), and Mr. Briggs was, of course, Leech him-

self. I have often heard the story of that day amongst the buffaloes. By and by the buffaloes died off and were killed, and the last old bull broke out of the park somehow, and meeting the mail coach going north, proceeded to knock the stuffin' out of the horses. But there was an unfeeling man on the coach who had a rifle and no sense of humor, so the last of the Scotch buffaloes had to go."

In various Zoological Gardens in Pennsylvania, buffaloes have thriven remarkably well. The Philadelphia Zoo, in Fairmont Park, which was founded in 1859, and opened to the public in 1874, has usually maintained a group of about a dozen head. In 1886 the Gardens sold an adult bull and cow to Colonel W. F. Cody (Buffalo Bill) for \$300. At the Zoo in Highland Park, Pittsburg, at present there are two young female bison, purchased last year from Earl E. Bennett, Newport, N. H. A male from Yellowstone Park is shortly to be added to this herd. At the Reading Zoo there are no buffaloes at present, but as soon as an appropriation can be secured for their maintenance a cow and a bull will be shipped from Yellowstone Park.

In several private parks in different parts of the State buffaloes are kept, notably at the magnificent game preserve of General Harry C. Trexler, "The Cement King", near Allentown, where there is a herd of 30 of these noble brutes. As game animals the buffaloes will probably never be re-introduced in Pennsylvania, although their docile habits

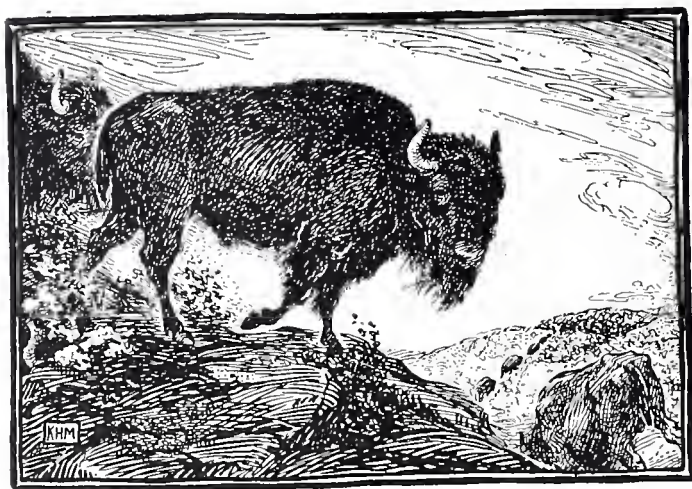
and hardy natures would make them adaptable in some of the wilder sections of the State. Perhaps with the spread of the hoof and mouth disease and bovine tuberculosis, a sentiment in favor of full-bred or half-bred bison to replace the present breed of domestic cattle will be instituted. The bison are not subject to these diseases, and would flourish on the abandoned slashings and bare mountain tops in the Pennsylvania wilds. Berks County farmers have been talking about starting to pasture herds of steers on the Blue Mountains, but buffaloes would be harder and more remunerative.

Between 1870 and 1875 it is conservatively estimated that one million wild buffaloes were killed annually in the west. Most of these were wasted, and their hides frittered away for paltry sums. May the day come when a like number of tame bison are butchered in Pennsylvania to our citizens' advantage.

Albert Gallatin, the financier, of New Geneva, Fayette County, wrote considerable about the domestication of the bison, which he believed was entirely feasible. He said that many had been kept and successfully bred by farmers South of Mason and Dixon's line. At one period for eight months he lived on buffalo meat, and enjoyed it. He also believed in the practicability of crossing bison with domestic cattle and mentioned a farmer living on the Monongahela River who owned a large buffalo bull which he allowed to roam at large with his farm cat-

tle, and which was "no more dangerous to man than any bull of the common species".

Mr. J. W. Cunningham, of Erie, formerly of Howard County, Nebraska, successfully experimented with crossing bison and domestic cattle.





JAKE ZIMMERMAN



IV. THE BEAVER

CONSIDERABLE consternation was aroused among the old hunters of Hightown, now called White Deer, Union County, when in the early spring of 1913 it was reported that a pair of beavers had established themselves on Lick Run, a tributary of White Deer Creek. Already they had set to work building a slack water, felling several quaking-asp trees of good size. Though they do not build their dams until the last of August, they begin cutting the trees in April.

The pads of the otter were still seen annually in the snow along White Deer Creek, even on the banks in the heart of the town of White Deer, and old William Huff, son-in-law of the great wolf hunter, Jakey Hoffman, had trapped a few at the creek as late as 1912, yet it had been more than a quarter of a century since indications of beavers had been observed on the waters of White Deer.

Instead of a desire to set out and trap the returning beavers, their presence seems to have awakened memories of other days among the old-timers, and they tacitly agreed not to molest them as they chatted together in undertones about the big stove in the big Cross Roads store—before local option days the White Hart Hotel. It made some of the aged Nimrods feel young to think that the wild life of their

youth had come back again to the picturesque region of White Deer; all kinds of old time stories were revived—of the last buffalo killed by Frederick Stamm in 1810, of “King” Henry Heizmann, the pump-mender, who traveled on horseback, with old-fashioned saddle-bags, and called the wolves out of the forests and shot them, of the panther that followed Henry Dorman for five miles one crisp October evening, scenting a side of bacon in his knapsack; of the last wolf seen by William Huff in the “Dutch End”, resting tranquilly on a rock, which sprang away in time to avoid a bullet sent after him, which bullet imbedded itself up to the hilt in the rock.

But, unfortunately, some small boys divined the gist of the old men’s conversations, the presence of the beavers so near at hand, aroused not only their curiosity but their cupidity. A half-witted boy, the usual village idiot, rolled his sharp little black eyes upward until they almost touched the hair-line of his low forehead, and evolved a desperate scheme. He had heard some one say that the castors of the beavers were worth a hundred dollars, a huge sum to him; he would have these riches, what good were the beavers, anyway!

One evening the dullard did not come home for supper; that was nothing unusual, as he would sometimes absent himself for days a time in mysterious visits to the mountains. The next night he was still among the missing, but about sundown of the third

day he was noticed coming down the tracks of the White Deer and Loganton Railway (since abandoned), whistling happily, and carrying his shot gun as jauntily as if it was a cane. There was a suspicious bundle tied up in soiled newspapers over his shoulders; black clotted blood was smeared on it where he had hastily wrapped it with gory hands; the lad had evidently been on a successful hunt, but for what at that time of the year?

At the supper table he told of his visit to the beavers' dam on the high tableland above Lick Run. The little animals were harder to get than he anticipated, but he staid until he got a shot; he was able to kill one of the pair; it turned out to be the female; the male evidently "skipped out", as he put it, as he was unable to find any traces of it after the fatal shot was fired.

The boy's father rather applauded the deed. There was no mention of beavers in the list of animals protected in the Pennsylvania Game Law; if it wasn't against the law it was nobody's business if the young man had killed a dozen of them.

With his father's defiant attitude to back him up, the idiot had no fear of public opinion. He talked about his exploit openly, sent the hide to a fur-buyer in Chicago, and was ready to kill more beavers or anything else that might come within gunshot. The old-time hunters felt sorry about this unexpected breaking up of what might have become a populous beaver colony, but no one else cared; it was an inci-

dent that had best be forgotten, lest Dr. Kalbfus hear of it.

Where these last beavers had come from continued to be a topic of absorbing interest with the old hunters. Had they worked their way across the State of Pennsylvania from the Allamuchy game preserve in Northern New Jersey, from which a number escaped fifteen years before and had quickly spread into Monroe County, or were they the descendants of the original stock that had labored so hard and so long on White Deer Creek before driven off by the trappers?

William Huff, born in 1835, recalled seeing a pair of beavers at the forks of White Deer Creek in 1885. That was not so very long ago. Some one else saw one on Four Mile Run a year or two after that. They could have hidden themselves in a big State like Pennsylvania for a generation, to return when the lumbermen and the forest fires had spent themselves in the fastnesses of White Deer.

Samuel N. Rhoads, in his intensely interesting "Mammals of Pennsylvania and New Jersey", speaks of a naturalist seeing a beaver on Portage Creek in 1899, in the original timber then standing near the boundary between Blair and Cambria Counties. Seth Nelson, Jr., tells of a beaver reported killed on the Tiadaghton (now called Pine Creek), in Tioga County in 1884. John Stiles, in the "Renovo Record" in 1913, told of himself killing a beaver on the Shingle Branch of Young Woman's Creek, Clin-

ton County, in 1885. Charles L. Fleming, of Moshannon P. O., Centre County, states that George Coleman saw a pair of traveling beavers on Little Moshannon Creek in 1882; they were probably migrating from the meadows at Beaver Mills, then being cleared out by the lumbermen.

If a careful examination of local historical records could be made, it would be found that beavers were seen more generally in Pennsylvania during a comparatively recent period than has been generally supposed. They were in a sense migratory animals, leaving localities when persecuted or if food was scarce, and returning to the same pools years afterwards if conditions seemed better to their liking.

Topographically and historically the beavers have made an indelible impress upon the life of Pennsylvania. On the high plateau where so many streams rise they built their shallows and dams from time immemorial. Now, though they are gone, the swamps that in some places cover large areas on these summits are ineffaceable monuments to their former existence and industry. According to the naturalist, John H. Chatham, all swamps in Pennsylvania are of beaver origin.

At Beaver Dams Station, on the picturesque Lewisburg and Tyrone Railroad, not far east of Rising Spring, the course of the Karoondinha (now called Penn's Creek) has been split up into a network of channels, the old beaver workings; the overflow

ground or meadows covering half a hundred acres is a further evidence.

The first force to tear out these dams was the arks laden with grain, which were started from Spring Mills bound for Baltimore via the Susquehanna. The beavers have given the name to a County in Pennsylvania, to innumerable streams, falls and ponds; in Sugar Valley, near Carroll, on Fishing Creek, the old Dutch pioneers point out the "Beaver Gats" or pools, where the energetic little creatures had dammed up the stream. Beaver County perpetuates their name in Pennsylvania, as do such towns, hamlets and post offices as Beaver Springs, Beaver Falls, Beaver Mills, Beaver Dams and Beaver Lake, in various parts of the Commonwealth.

According to George K. Boak, of Pine Glen, they were fairly numerous in Centre County sixty years ago. Old John Gunsaulus, a very interesting veteran hunter residing at Snow Shoe, Centre County, who was born in 1837, brings the history of the beavers in that section down to comparatively recent times. Up to 1870, they built their dams in peace and security at the heading of Beech Creek, on the very summit of the Alleghenies, on lands now owned by the Lehigh Valley Coal Company. Unfortunately in the Spring of that year the stream was "opened up" to float logs, and several splash dams were constructed which involved "cleaning out" the beaver dams.

Most of the little workers were killed by the stal-

wart New Englanders engaged on the job, but a few escaped, never to return.

There is a great swale or swamp-land' at the head of the Kammerdiner Run, a tributary of McElhattan Run in Clinton County. It covers the entire divide between the waters of the Kammerdiner and Harvey's Run, which latter stream empties into Bald Eagle Creek near Lock Haven. Less than a century ago it was all a beaver metropolis, but there was a general butchery during the early thirties that wiped out this interesting colony.

A few years before the Civil War a pair of beavers reappeared on the Kammerdiner, but nearer to the mouth of the stream than where most of their predecessors had located, and commenced building a dam. Old Adam Staake, who had taken a lively part in wiping out the erstwhile metropolis on the tableland, was apprised of these newcomers, and was able to shoot them both. One of the birch trees which they felled could be seen up to the time of the 1865 flood, and was pointed out to interested' persons by John Q. Dyce, a noted trapper of the McElhattan region.

But of all the sections in Central and Northern Pennsylvania, the White Deer region seemed to possess the most permanent attraction for *Castor canadensis*. Persecuted, harrassed, slaughtered, they persisted in coming back, even up to 1913, long after the last patches of original timber had been carried away. According to the very old people there were

signs of beavers' activities along the creek all the way from Shreader's Spring, in Dolly Hope's Valley, where the South Branch of the stream heads, every few years up to the time when Bill Courtney and his mighty crew of woodsmen "cleaned up" the creek in order to make it floatable for the logs for the Pardee interests, who controlled 13,000 acres of land bordering the creek. Not alone did the beavers perish, but the native suckers, very sweet and white, that formerly abounded in the creek, were swept out with the "splashes", and White Deer Creek knows them no more.

It is stated that the Pardees took no less than 111,000,000 feet of white pine timber out of this watershed. Some of the logs were too huge to be loaded on the trucks drawn by oxen; "they would not pay handling", said Courtney, the woods boss, and were left to rot in the slashings

Later the Kulp interests came into this region, buying up the Pardee lands, and amassed a fortune out of the yellow pine "props" for mines, for the Pardees had only cut the white pine. These props were taken on a narrow gauge to Lewisburg, known as the Lewisburg & Buffalo Valley Railway. A few years after the Kulp withdrew, the White Deer Lumber Company built a railway from Hightown up the main stream of White Deer Creek, over the divide and up through the valley of Fishing Creek to Loganton, in Sugar Valley. This new railway brought an army of lumbermen, hunters, fishermen



DR. J. H. KALBFUS

Famous Pennsylvania Game Commissioner, Recently Killed in
Railway Accident—He Will be Widely Missed and Mourned

and berry pickers to exploit this secluded region, just trying to restore itself to wildness after the devastations of the Pardees, the Kulps and the incessant forest fires which followed so relentlessly in the wake of lumbering operations.

The Beck tract of original white pines, tall, bold, rugged, the boundary trees sun-killed, which stood on a steep hill near the confluence of the main and south forks, was first to be leveled. Other smaller parcels of old timber followed, not even the farmers' wood lots in Sugar Valley were spared. The grand old hemlocks that stood over the "Beaver Gats", near Carroll, went along with the rest. But like the scourge of the Huns, it at length spent itself over the White Deer wilderness; the rails were taken up last year and shipped to West Virginia. There have been the inevitable forest conflagrations, but under more efficient handling by the State, have not swept over such vast stretches of territory as they would have twenty years ago. Afforestation has begun, shade, graceful birches and alders, is coming over the trout streams that run every mile or so into White Deer Creek from the deep mountain gorges, or as the old Dutch people call them, "Kloofs"; little dark nooks of evergreen are hiding the ponds and concealing the sources of the runnels. There is getting to be a hiding place for wild life and it is anxious to come back.

Perhaps this tending towards their aboriginal conditions induced the last pair of beavers to pioneer into

their old haunts in the early spring of 1913. Though their reception was unkindly, it is only just to say that they were foolhardy to come so soon. The railroad did not "go out" until 1916. By 1920, if the fires are kept in check, the country will be so grown up that pair of beavers or otters might possibly build a dam or a slide and escape molestation for a year.

Growing side by side with the birches, the willows, the aspens and the tiny hemlocks is a more tolerant attitude towards all wild life on the part of mankind. There are many Pennsylvanians who could stand to see a pair of beavers at work on a dam and not kill them; such a condition is a moral advance that marks an epoch in the spiritual growth of our people. To kill in season what is in season will always be done by many, but to eliminate all purposeless and useless killing will make the line of demarkation between the barbarian and the sportsman plainly noticeable.

In 1916 a pair of dynamiters made their headquarters on White Deer Creek. One miscreant fired the shots, the other selected the fish and loaded them into a wooden box which he carried on his back. They were strangers on the creek, but nevertheless their presence was a step backward in wild life protection. They would have made the beavers feel uncomfortable. It is to be hoped they will not be on hand when more of our busy little friends return to that delectable region.

Apart from sentimental reasons, and from the fur trader's standpoint, the beaver deserves strict pro-

tection in Pennsylvania. Since the great forests have been cut away there is an uncertain and unstable flow of water in the principal streams. Flood and drought are the ever-present phenomena. The beavers, by their admirable construction of dams, would hold the water in the streams, making an even flow even in the driest periods. This even condition of the streams would insure a greater supply of fish, suckers, shiners, catfish, sunfish and the like. In the swifter streams where trout are most plentiful, beavers seldom erect dams, at least in Pennsylvania. But even there pools are an advantage and not a detriment to the true brook trout. In the west ranchmen protect beavers, as they make ponds which hold back the water, so necessary for the range cattle.

The beaver does not eat fish; its diet is a most simple one, a veritable "war diet", consisting of water lilies and perhaps of berries and the sweet inner coating of the bark of birch, willow and other soft wooded trees.

The trees felled for food and for dams are of little value for anything else except for the purposes that the beavers use them. The beavers' fur is of constantly increasing value; it would be a splendid addition to the list of fur-bearing animals in the State; they would hold their own if trapped scientifically in a fixed season.

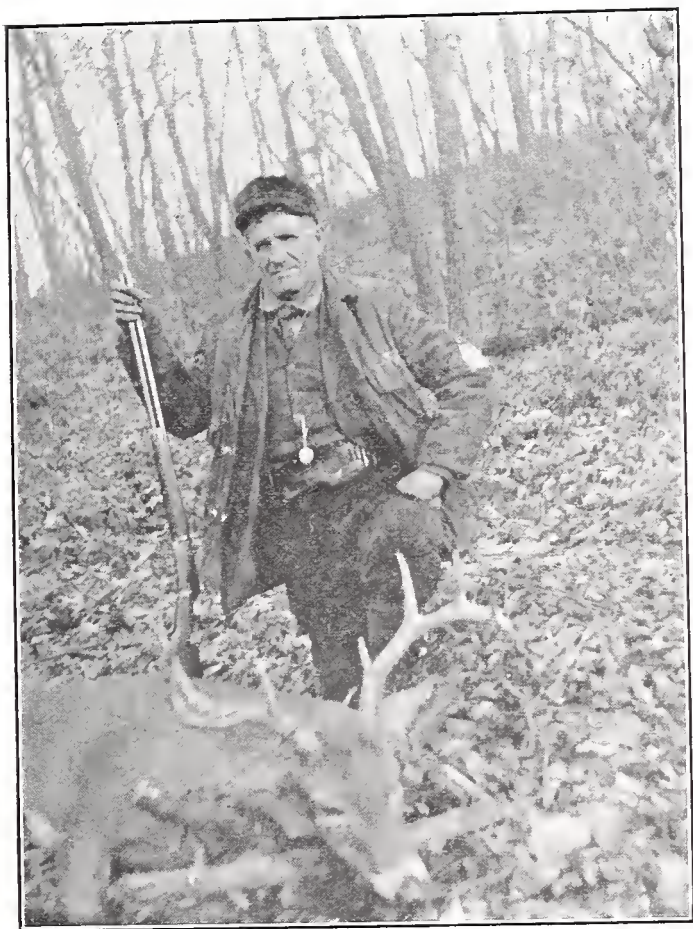
The beaver as a symbol of industry would be an excellent example to young and old alike in this wasteful, reckless age. The picturesque presence of

these useful and hard working little creatures would add greatly to the wonders of our mountain Paradise of Central Pennsylvania. May the "last beavers" prove to be an anomalous expression, with a revived wilderness may they come again, and with an enlightened public sentiment build and prosper like in the good old days. Protection is rapidly bringing them back in the Adirondack Mountains in New York; the same can be done in Pennsylvania, and in a very few years.

A curious tradition of the destruction of a beaver colony in Northern Pennsylvania is related by the old folks. It runs much like this:

Abraham Loverhill, of Heidelberg, in Berks County, having found game in the Blue Mountains becoming scarcer every year, and not being able to exist without the pleasures of the chase, decided to "trek" with his family beyond not only the "Blauen Borgen", but the Broad Mountain, the Catawissa Mountain and the Huntington Mountain as well, to the bold, bluff headland known as the North Mountain that marked one of the far easterly terminations of the main Allegheny chain. There game was virtually untouched except by the careful and conservative Indians. It would be as a private hunting ground with no white Nimrods or settlers to gainsay for years to come.

Of his racial beginnings "Abe" Loverhill, as he was called, knew nothing and cared less. His stocky body, dark brown eyes, high nose, ivory complexion and curled hair suggested a Semitic origin, and he was



E. W. "WOODY" KELLY

Popular and Efficient Game Protector, Killed in Accident
With Dr. Kalbfus

in all probabilities at least partially descended from that mysterious band of Hebrews—the first white settlers to venture to the upper reaches of the Schuylkill. They established themselves at Heidelberg, now Schaefferstown, in 1702, with the determination to reconvert to Judaism the Indians whom they believed to be a lost tribe of Israel. The mission proved a failure, the pioneers were better traders than proselyters; the Indians never took kindly to the substantial limestone synagogue, the ruins of which standing today, form with the burying ground the only tangible proofs of the existence of this colony of Jewish missionaries.

The settlers scattered, some returned to Philadelphia, others cleared some small farms and established trading posts in what is now Berks and Lebanon Counties. A considerable number migrated to Virginia and there is a tradition that John Marshall, the great Chief of the United States Supreme Court, was descended from a member of this colony. The Oriental type of features prevalent among his descendants today would tend to emphasize this contention.

"Abe" Loverhill married a member of the Lefever family—French Huguenots from Oley, and raised a fair-sized family. There were five girls and two boys to accompany the parents on their trans-mountain journey, which ended on the Shreader Branch of Towanda Creek. They had many adventures with wolves and panthers on the way, saw many Indians

with whom their relations were commercial rather than otherwise. "Abe" Loverhill at that time could never understand why white men and Indians failed to agree.

They were induced to select the particular spot for settlement for the reason that it had been already cleared by the beavers. These industrious little animals had made an opening in the lugubrious hemlock forest, the weeping branches of whose stately but interminable trees formed the boundaries of the so-called "Beaver Meadows". It was good to see sunlight after so much gloomy forest; there was light and air to cheer while a permanent clearing could be made on the higher ground on the bank above the cranberry bog. All were pleased with the location, and old and young turned in with a will to make a pleasant habitation. They were all so busy in fact that little hunting, except to provide food, was indulged in for several months.

One evening when the rush of the work was over "Abe" was sitting with his children on a log in front of his newly built log cabin, his rifle, of course, lying across his knee. Out on the pond behind the breast of the beaver dams he noticed the smooth round head of a beaver swimming. The temptation was too great; he raised his gun, hit the head of the moving object squarely; it sank out of sight and was never seen again. The children laughed, it pleased them mightily. Their father must do it again. It was done again almost every clear evening, only some-

times two or three beavers instead of one, as on the first occasion, were "submerged". The beaver colony at this rate would be rapidly decimated.

One evening while engaged thus at what he believed was "sport", a band of Indians—there were nearly a dozen in the party—approached the unfailing marksman. They were the first that had appeared since the establishment of the new home on Shreader Branch. They paused at the western end of the meadow where the creek emerges from the forest, watching the pale-face and his children. When they saw him lift his firearm and deliberately shoot a beaver as it swam from its cabin to the breast of the dam, they uttered yells of horror and disgust. Then with scowling faces they hurried in the direction of the gunner.

Their leader, a very old Indian named Haleeka, demanded of Loverhill why he had shot the beaver. "Abe", usually so suave and tactful in his dealings with the redmen, replied that he did it to keep his shooting in practice.

"Then make a target out of a knot-hole", said the Indian. "Don't wilfully kill an animal, the pelt of which has a commercial value, if not to you white men, to the Indians".

The white man did not like the dictatorial manner assumed by the redskin; he had heard too much of the massacres of 1755 along the Blue Mountains to allow the aborigines to take an advantage of him. He told Haleeka that the affair was none of his busi-

ness; that he and the rest of the pack should clear out, he wanted to kill another beaver before dark. Suiting the action to the word, he raised the rifle to aim it at a beaver's head which had appeared above the surface of the water, rose-tinted and purple-shadowed in the fading light. A young Indian known as Haleeka's Son, who carried a long staff, struck at the rifle barrel impetuously. Loverhill, now thoroughly aroused, turned the muzzle on the lad and fired. Haleeka's Son was shot through the calf of his left leg. The blood spurted like a red fountain. Old Haleeka, who understood the Indian methods of first aid, tore off a strip from his scarlet cape and quickly bound up the wound. There was cursing and muttering among the Indian band, but they moved off, Haleeka's son hopping along with the rest.

All went well for several days, but one night when the Indians were encamped along Mehoopany Run the wound burst open and the boy bled to death. This would naturally instigate the Indians to practice the rite of "blood atonement". Weeks passed, during which time many more beavers were slain; the meadows were becoming, as far as the tireless little workers were concerned a "deserted" village.

"Abe" Loverhill, his wife and family, kept on with improvements so much so that there was some time left for play. The two boys, whose ages were ten and twelve, constructed a neat birch bark canoe which they used when fishing for sunfish in a little forest hidden pond on the top of the mountain north of their

home, which came to be known as "Sunfish Pond". They had very good luck and went there every day when work was light.

One evening they did not return, and "Abe" Loverhill, accompanied by his eldest daughter, Genevieve—she was then a girl of fourteen—went in search of them. It was a dark night, but by the aid of pine torches the pioneer located the canoe floating bottom upward on the pond. The little fellows had evidently in their zeal capsized the boat and been drowned. As the lake was of volcanic origin and said to be bottomless, it was useless to drag for their bodies.

The father's grief was pitiful to behold. The sturdy boys, his hopes for the future, were gone. It was hard to go back and break the news to the mother. Genevieve tried hard to console the heart-broken woodsman. She told him that she would be a boy henceforth and take the place of the lost ones. This was a droll statement, as Genevieve was the quintessence of femininity. She was tall for her age, but very slim; she had small, black, searching eyes, a narrow face of sallow complexion, and absolutely black hair without a lustre of brown in it. She was graceful and alert in her movements, intelligent in the extreme, but moody and easily angered. She succeeded in comforting both father and mother, who possessed the stoicism of the mountains.

After a few days of intensive dressmaking the girl appeared attired as a boy with long coat, trousers and leggins, which apparel added to her apparent height

and leanness. But she did not cut off her wealth of soft black hair, but turned it up under her small leather cap. In her boyish garb she came to be much admired by travelers and hunters. She realized her charms and set about to make a more elaborate costume, one that would be thoroughly distinctive.

It was in the year after the loss of her brothers that she accompanied her father on a trip to Fort Augusta, later known as Sunbury, the Indian name of which had been Shamokin, "*The Place of the Horns*"—*where the deer shed their antlers*. There she attracted no end of attention among the officers, soldiers, traders and settlers.

A contemporary writer thus described her costume: "She wore fine broadcloth trousers, beautifully ornamented with beadwork. These were worn under her short skirt and they reached to her feet, which were adorned with blue leather moccasins. Her skirt and other outer clothing were wonderfully festooned with beadwork and hammered silver ornaments. On her head was a small beaver skin cap, set off by a native paroquet's wing. She carried a rifle, the barrel and stock of which were elaborately inlaid with silver."

It was at Fort Augusta that Genevieve first saw a detachment of that remarkable body of borderers called The Rangers. They were literally the border police, making the wild country safe for the incoming settlers. First commanded by the intrepid John Brady, and later by his son, the immortal "Sam", they had among their other officers such heroic figures as Peter Pentz,

Terrence Quinn, Peter Farley, Peter Grove and Michael Grove. The two latter were of Berks County, and Abraham Loverhill fraternized much with them during his stay at the forks of the Susquehanna.

Genevieve was instantly attracted to the personality of Michael Grove. He was a young man of about eighteen at that time, slim and dark; a sparse beard was appearing on his soft cheeks, he wore his black hair very long. Even then he had a "record" as a hunter and an Indian slayer. His achievements at reducing the number of the noble race of redmen haunted him on his deathbed in 1827, as recorded in Linn's "Annals of Buffalo Valley".

He did not pay any attention to Genevieve—rumor had it that he was already married—but his indifference rather fanned the flame of her emotion. When his brother, Peter Grove, suggested to "Abe" Loverhill that he give up his claim on Shreader and take up a farm on the Karoondinha, which belonged to another brother, Wendell Grove, the girl urged her father to look at the place. Not that she was anxious to leave the Towanda Mountains, but she wanted to live near the abode of her hero, Michael Grove.

One morning, in a canoe, the four, Genevieve, her father, Peter and Michael Grove, went down the river and up the Karoondinha and looked at the farm. It was a hundred and twenty acres partially cleared; there was a good spring and a commodious log house. The log barn of unusual size was covered with all

kinds of carved signs and incantations against witches, the only thing about the place that the shrewd "Abe" did not like. But he agreed to buy the survey, if his wife acquiesced.

Then Loverhill and Genevieve returned to Fort Augusta and "trekked" across the mountains to Shreader Branch. Genevieve rode an old "flea-bitten" white horse which her father bought for her at Fort Augusta. It was said that it had once belonged to Colonel Conrad Weiser. On their way they fell in with two travelers, one a fur buyer named Levi Goodhart, an old friend of "Abe's", from Heidelberg, and his Indian guide, Joe Pan, the Pequot.

Goodhart said that he was on his way to Loverhill's home to tell him a piece of information. Joe Pan had learned from a band of Lenni-Lenape Indians, much under the influence of liquor, that they had captured and sold to the flesh-eating Mohawks for sacrificial purposes the two Loverhill boys, supposed to be drowned, as blood atonement for the death of Haleeka's son, who had died shortly after Loverhill shot him in the leg in an altercation over some beavers.

This was terribly disturbing news to Loverhill and Genevieve. It was told to the mother, who was out of her mind for a week from rage and grief. It was an added reason to abandon the claim on Shreader and leave the accursed Towanda Mountains forever.

They loaded their household goods on some strong bullocks, put the mother and the small children on



EDWIN GRIMES, Born 1830, and son, EDWIN GRIMES, Jr.

the faithful old horse, and Loverhill and Genevieve, walking ahead with their rifles, started for the Promised Land on the beautiful Karoondinha. After they had gone, Goodhart and Joe Pan moved into the abandoned house, making it their headquarters for several years.

Michael Grove happened to be at Fort Augusta when they arrived, and accompanied them to their new home. He lived with his brother, Peter, only half a mile away, so they met quite often, when he was not absent on duty, which with him really amounted to Indian killing expeditions.

Genevieve missed him when he was away, pining for him, and growing moodier and more sullen. Her parents taxed her about this, but she would give them no satisfaction. She would not work when he was gone, would walk up and down the bank of the creek dejectedly, making life disagreeable for all about her.

On one occasion Grove stated that he had been ordered to Carlisle to take command of a newly formed company of Rangers. He would start in a couple of days. That night Genevieve crept out of the cabin, brained a big hound which started to bark, with the butt of her rifle, and started across the mountains for the Valley of the Conodogwinet. She met an Indian on the way and traded clothing with him. Unfortunately the Indian, dressed in her finery, held up and almost beat to death an aged German, which caused much misunderstanding, and a reward offered

for the girl, which clinched her reputation as an outlaw.

At Carlisle, attired in the neat costume of an Indian and under the name of Abraham Sourkill (so the historical records state), she enlisted in the new company of Rangers. She gave her age as eighteen, whereas she was not within eight months of being sixteen.

When Michael Grove arrived to assume command he at once resognized her, but imagining that she had been guilty of robbing the German, chivalrously made no information against her. After she explained the change of clothing and the real culprit was brought to Carlisle jail attired in her glittering rags, he maintained his silence and made her his orderly.

At first "Abe" Loverhill imagined that his daughter had been murdered by the Indian who wore her clothing, but by the time he had matter straightened out in his head Lieutenant Grove and his company had departed for the wilds of the Sinnemahoning, traveling thence by way of the Juniata River and the Bald Eagle Creek. "Abe" had made the tedious journey to Carlisle mounted on his old horse like a Hudibras, demanding the return of his daughter. Haleeka happened to be in the town, and recognizing him, charged him with the murder of his son. Loverhill was lodged in an underground dungeon, where he languished for six months on bread and water. At length it was intimated to him that if he would go quietly

home to the Karoondinha, he would be released. He acquiesced. Of course his horse had vanished during his incarceration, so sadly he wended his way northward, a decidedly wiser man.

Meanwhile, her identity becoming known, Genevieve became the very life of the Rangers. It was at the Great Swamp fight, on Beaver Creek, a branch of the Clarion River, that the intrepid girl first really distinguished herself, although she had killed her first Indian during the first week of active service with the Rangers.

The Indians, hard pressed, had intrenched themselves behind a windfall, where the huge antler-like roots, caked with earth and stones, formed a natural rampart. In the forest on the opposite side of the beaver meadow which overflowed the creek-bottom, the Rangers were hidden as best they could behind trees. The fire of the Rangers became so intense that it looked as if the redmen would have to abandon their positions, and coming out into the open forest be shot down with no quarter!

Suddenly, to the dismay of the attacking Rangers, two young white boys, their faces smeared with pitch to make them unrecognizable, bound hand and foot and gagged, were suspended over the breastwork. Taking up positions on either side of the captives' heads, the Indians commenced a deadly fusillade. Miles Lynch and Dominick Flaugherty, of the Rangers, fell dead, several others were wounded. But the rangers had never abandoned a position; they

would not do so now. Yet to kill the boys who might be the flesh and blood of their own number was a hideous element with which to reckon.

Amid the smoke and rattle of musketry Genevieve Loverhill had disappeared. Lieutenant Michael Grove, ever watchful, detected her absence but could not believe she was showing the "white feather". But her absence seemed peculiar. In truth, the girl was running away. She ran as fast as her long slim legs could carry her through the timber parallel with the creek to a point above the opening caused by the beaver meadow. A giant hemlock lay across the run, half submerged. Dropping to her hands and knees, she crept across the creek behind the log. Then she began running again, faster and faster. She almost ran into an Indian outpost. She brained him with her rifle butt before he could give the "scalp holloo", just as she had the tattling hound the night she ran away from home.

She quickly noted the Indian who seemed to be the chief of the band and shot him through the back of the head; as the redman at his right turned, she shot him; the Indian on his left next. The rest, imagining that a superior force was approaching from the rear, dropped their guns and fled back into the forest, abandoning the two captive lads on the breastwork.

Bounding like a deer to the topmost root of the rampart, waving her beaver cap with one hand, her rifle with the other, Genevieve Loverhill proclaimed the victory.

Lieutenant Grove and his men, realizing what had happened, plunged into the morass and waist deep in mud, waded over to where the brave girl stood, among the bodies of the four victims. Meanwhile she was unloosening the bonds which held the two boys to the antler-like upturned roots. The lads looked at her and fairly shouted "Sister, sister"! They were the boys supposed to have been drowned in Sunfish Pond or sold as slaves to the flesh-eating Mohawks.

There was a joyous time when the Rangers gathered about and felicitated the girl upon her strategy and the restoration of her brothers. She was modest in her triumph; she only asked one favor, that was to be allowed to accompany the lads home to Switzer Run, to turn them over to their parents, who had never ceased to mourn their loss.

Lieutenant Grove granted the necessary permission, and the girl heroine, acclaimed as "Loverhill, of the Rangers", started overland for the waters of the Sinnemahoning, there to embark in a canoe for the Karoondinha. It was a long but happy journey. The boys had a thrilling list of adventures to recount, but they glossed them over, they were so glad to be going home.

One afternoon while "Abe" Loverhill and his good wife were husking corn in the field by the big log barn, its gables cut full of witch-craft hieroglyphics, they noticed three persons coming up the pine-shaded path that led from the Karoondinha. As they came nearer they began to shout, and then to run. The

couple looked closer, it was their missing boys, grown big and strong, and their renegade daughter, Genevieve. There was an affectionate greeting, and over a turkey supper the stirring tale of the Great Swamp battle was related.

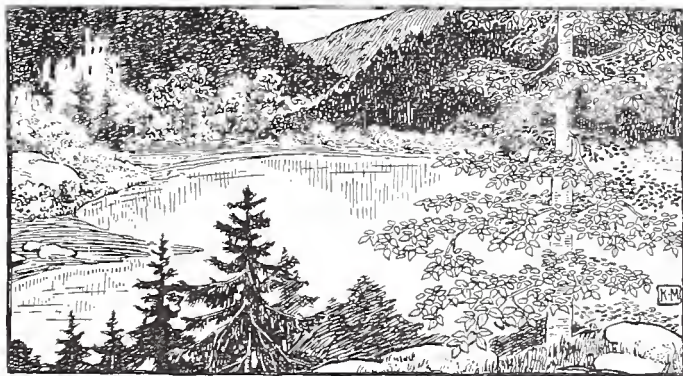
All went well during the course of the evening until Genevieve remarked that she must get an early start back to the Sinnemahoning country in the morning. Instantly the choler of father and mother were aroused. "Abe" had just returned from his six months' jail experience in Carlisle, which had not sweetened his temper; the wife's struggle to keep the family in his absence had been a hard one; she had attributed all the domestic troubles to Genevieve's conduct. She told the girl in plain language that her duty was to remain and do housework and repay her past ingratitude. But housework and husking corn had no charms for "Loverhill, of the Rangers", besides her sworn duty was to return to her command.

She laughed at her parents' demands, and when the mother made a move to lock the door to detain her by force, she picked up her rifle, swung the latch back, and swept out of the door, slamming it after her. The parents ordered the boys to stop her, but as she saved their lives only a few days before, they refused. "Abe" ran after her a short distance, but not being very strong, soon gave up the chase.

So "Loverhall, of the Rangers", disappeared into the darkness, never to return. "Abe" fumed and threatened half the night. He would complain in

Philadelphia and have her mustered out and sent home, if he could get no redress at Carlisle. But the next morning he concluded to "let sleeping dogs lie"; six months in the Carlisle jail had cooled his ardor as a complainant.

In after years he was proud, rather than otherwise, to be known as the father of "Loverhill, of the Rangers", though neither of her parents ever saw her again.



V. THE MARTEN

NOT many Pennsylvania hunters and trappers of the present generation have encountered the Pine Marten on their excursions in the forests. To all intents and purposes *Mustela Martre* may be numbered with the extinct animals of the Keystone State. A denizen of the dense coniferous forests, its range was limited to the northerly faunal zone, comprising the "northern tier" of counties and perhaps along the main chain of the Allegheny Mountains, southwesterly from the culminating point of the North Mountain in Sullivan County to the Maryland line in Somerset County. But even if this Allegheny backbone was included in its habitat, few, if any have been recorded as taken south of the West Branch of the Susquehanna.

The pine marten was a handsome animal, almost as big as a cat, with rich brown pelage, and much sought after by fur-buyers generally. It was a harmless creature, at no times plentiful even in the regions where natural conditions were best suited to its comfort.

Probably none of the younger hunters of Pennsylvania are better posted on the range and habits of the marten than Oscar Huff, at present custodian of the White Deer Creek Reservoir in Union County. For forty years Huff has not only hunted and trapped through most of Northern and Central Pennsylvania,

but has been a close student of wild life as well. He relates that when he was lumbering in the North Mountain, in the region of Kitchen's Creek and Ganoga Lake, more than twenty years ago, martens were fairly plentiful. In 1896 he was fortunate enough to obtain a fine specimen in the vicinity of Jamison City. Several other hunters secured individuals during that year and the preceding year, according to reports which reached him.

The naturalist, John M. Buckalew, is quoted by Rhoads in his "Mammals of Pennsylvania and New Jersey" as hearing the nocturnal cries of martens in the North Mountain forests, and mentions a marten taken in Columbia County in 1895. Anthony H. Perry, proprietor of the Elk Hotel at Elk Grove, in the same county, recalls seeing several martens among the primeval chestnut trees on the mountains of Davidson Township, Sullivan County, about 1900.

But as the primeval hemlock forests of Columbia, Sullivan and Montour Counties disappeared, the pine martens vanished with them; changed conditions were a more annihilating hand than the hand of the huntsman. Changed conditions, rather than the rifle, the trap and poison, took with them the wolf, the panther, the fisher, the wolverine and other interesting examples of the fine fauna that abounded in Pennsylvania on the arrival of the Quaker pioneers.

In the other counties of the northern tier there are correspondingly few records of the martens. A marten was taken on the slopes of Mount Tom, near An-

sonia, in Tioga County, then densely forested, in 1885; its mate is said to have made its escape. Another was trapped on Steam Mill Brook in Steam Valley, in the same county in 1886. In Potter County the noted nature writer, John C. French, the greatest living authority on the birds and animals of that county, has much interesting data on the martens, which, he says, ceased to be plenty after the "seventies."

Evidently the survivors closed in for protection in the heart of what remained of the "hemlock belt," as Rhoads reports that no less than twenty-two martens were taken in Potter County, on the east fork of the Sinnemahoning, in the winter of 1894-95. Edwin Grimes, born 1830, states that he believes that a few martens remain in Potter County, as he saw a small marten recently. He killed several of these animals about twelve years ago in the Potter County wilds.

In McKean County, Charles W. Dickinson, famed as "The Greatest Living Pennsylvania Wolf Hunter," and a naturalist of experience, relates much the same conditions prevailing as regards the martens in the adjoining county of Potter. Half a dozen or so were taken annually down to the beginning of the "eighties."

In their final refuge in the depths of the vast hemlock forests in Norwich Township, Thomas Mullins secured six martens on Haven's Brook during the winter of 1899. Three were taken in Shippen Township in 1894 and three in 1895. There have been practically no martens taken in McKean and Potter Coun-

ties since about 1910, when the last of the "Black Forest" fell before the money-mad lumber kings.

In Warren County, directly west of McKean County, Indians of the Cornplanter Reservation, on the Allegheny River, reported martens taken on Kinzua Creek up to about 1881. In the vast Wheeler-Dusenberry timberlands, in Southern Warren and Forest Counties, where original forest conditions existed until within the past year, where rare wild flowers persisted in blooming, where the wild pigeons had a nesting in the early "eighties," and where one of the last nesting colonies of the Great Blue Herons in the East existed up to that regretful Sunday in June, 1911, when a band of "bark-savages" made a hideous orgy of destruction of it because they imagined erroneously that the herons were enemies of the trout, a few martens lingered until possibly twenty years ago.

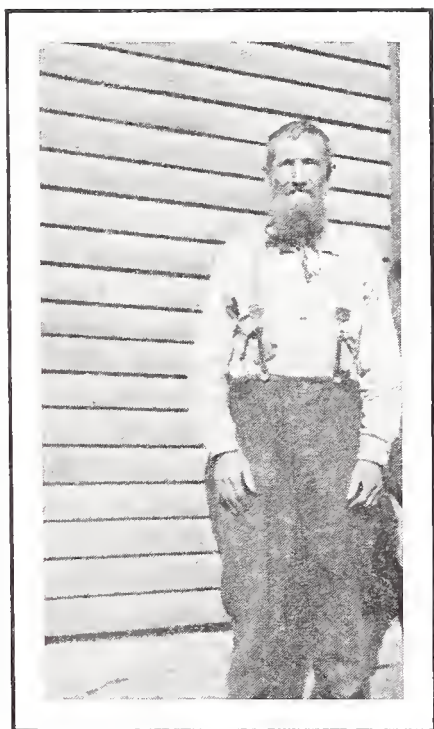
Emmanuel Dobson, famed as the slayer of the last wolves in Forest County—he "cleaned them out" during 1884—captured a few martens every year up to about 1890. John Quier, elk, wolf and panther hunter of Somerset County, in the main backbone chain of the Alleghenies, is said to have trapped a marten on Laurel Hill, adding its scalp to his list of distinctions which it has been claimed included the killing of the last elk, the last wolf and the last panther in old Somerset.

Seth Nelson, Jr., born 1838, son of the more famous hunter, Seth Iredell Nelson, says that his father and uncles, about 1850, maintained a line of snares fifty miles long, on the migrating routes of the martens,

and in that way trapped most of the martens in the State. This line was set across Potter County and into Northern Clinton County. Hundreds of martens were taken annually, for several years, "until they left the country", he states. He should have used the word "exterminated".

What obliterated the pine marten from its Pennsylvania habitat is an unanswered question. Possibly it was on the verge of extinction from natural causes when the rapacious white hunters turned their attention to it, or never overly numerous, it may not have been able to withstand the combined ingenuity of the trappers and the circumscribing of its natural faunal zone in the original hemlock forests by agriculture and bark peeling. And yet, if mysticism may be added to the causes, it has merely gone away, migrated, departed for some other country, along with the wild-pigeon in its myriad millions, the low-flying paroquet, the panther and the wolf. Some day, when the mystic purposes of their journeys have been attained, they will return again to tenant the Pennsylvania wilds with the life and motion and song of their presence. Ask the Indians; they are mystics; no doubt they can give an answer!

Among the redmen of the Cornplanter Reservation, in Warren County, many anecdotes and legends of the pine martens in Pennsylvania are repeated. In a sense the marten was sacred to the Senecas and other aboriginal dwellers in the "northern tier," for it was supposed to be a deadly enemy of poisonous snakes,



JONAS J. BARNET

which were so plentiful and troublesome in many sections of the wilderness. It is to be remembered that in the range of the marten, rattlesnakes and copperheads were rare compared with further south, where there were no martens. Old men say that since the martens vanished there are more venomous snakes north of the West Branch of the Susquehanna. But that may be due to the cutting away of the forests, as rattlers and copperheads both love bare rocks, with plenty of hot sunshine, whereon to bask and think out deviltry.

At any rate, the Indians thought it best to protect the martens; there were other furs as good as theirs, and a snake-killing or a snake-scaring mammal in the woods was a blessing on their race. If their assumption was correct, then the pine marten was the American mongoose!

It is more than strange that the first settlers and hunters in Northern Pennsylvania—men like Philip Tomb, for instance—who were closely associated with the best class of redmen, did not learn from the Indians the good traits of the martens and protect them from the start. But the rapacity of white hunters is proverbial. In South Africa we are told that the Boer farmers prefer to kill the Ant Bears for their hides, which sell for a pittance, than to let them live for the good they do in devouring myriads of ants so injurious to agriculture. It must be an axiom that in no realm or clime can a pioneer be a conservationist.

Old Jesse Logan, the dean of Cornplanter Reservation Indians, was fond of relating a legend of the

early appreciation displayed by the redmen of the martens. It ran pretty much like this:

On the banks of the Ohe-Yu, "The Beautiful River," called by the white men the Allegheny, near where the Kinzua empties into the larger stream, lived for many years an aged hermit called Gawango. He never spoke to anyone, eking out an existence trapping and fishing and cultivating a few stalks of corn and some melons in a small garden patch by his cabin. Once he had been a handsome youth, and in that youth a bold warrior and Nimrod. But a sorrow had come into his life, so he withdrew from the society of his fellows, built himself a shack near the mouth of the Kinzua, and let his heart eat his life away. But death by heart's poison is perforce slow; he was more than five-score years and ten before the Angel of Death unlocked the frame which held his suffering spirit.

Though he would talk to no one, the story of the disappointment which drove him to the life of a recluse was known to a few of his contemporaries, who handed it down to younger generations. Consequently the story which he would not let himself forget, yet wanted no one else to know, lived beside him, as well as within him, to his end, and beyond the grave. His tragedy came about in this way:

In his youthful wanderings as a warrior he had come upon a beautiful white girl, yet as dark as an Indian, Genevieve Loverhill, the same who, dressed in boy's clothing, had accompanied Lieutenant Michael Grove as orderly on some of his Indian-killing campaigns.

Genevieve possessed a genuine hatred of Indians, and, together with the fact that she was a dead shot with the rifle, Gawango had been foiled in all his attempts to capture her alive. Once or twice from hiding places in the mountains he could have shot and killed her, but never when she was alone, or far from the band of rangers to which she was attached, had he gotten within gunshot of her. This preyed on his mind and broke his proud spirit, so used to procuring easily everything he wanted.

He followed Genevieve like a shadow from the Ohe-Yu to the Juniata, from the Juniata to the Tia-daghton, to the Oswayo and Cowanesque, but she always eluded him, and this, with the preference she always showed for the indifferent Lieutenant Grove, drove Gawango to fits of passion that bordered upon madness. As he followed his beautiful will-o'-the-wisp month after month without success, his nerves were ripping under the strain. He must cure his love or die from it; the soul-ache could not go on. He was sure that if she could know him and be with him, she would care for him, even more than she cared for Grove, but how to accomplish this was the root of his discomfort.

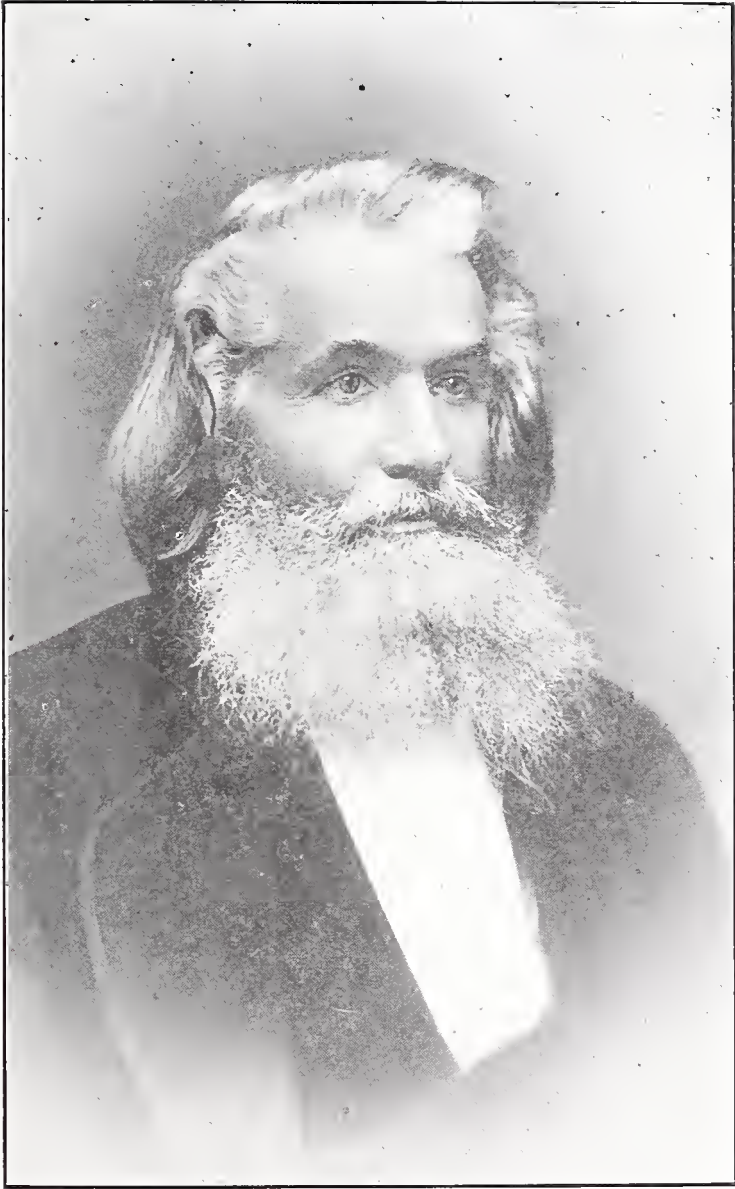
At length, not caring to go on and on in the wake of a sunbeam, he decided to consult the noted warlock Oscaluwa, who lived alone in his cabin on the shores of Lycoming Creek. Leaving the proximity of Genevieve, who was encamped with the rangers on Marsh Creek, he repaired to the home of old Oscaluwa. The

soothsayer greeted him affably; cases like this were not rare. He had charms which could cure more stubborn instances of baffled love. But he could not exert his powers over absent persons; he must be near enough so that his thought waves could percolate into the consciousness of the desired object.

When he heard where Genevieve was and how elusive she promised to be, he expressed considerable hesitancy. He could not go on any such trip, for who would watch his flock of tame martens which he had collected for Tocanontih, Prince of the Six Nations, trained to keep the regal stockade free from venomous reptiles during periods when the royal entourage invaded the more southerly valleys? When the master of the martens of the "Black Prince," as Tocanontih was styled, came for them in possibly another six months' time, then he would gladly go with Gawango, and together they would subjugate and secure the desired Genevieve.

But Gawango was both stubborn and desperate. He wanted the girl now or never. He was dying for her love. In another six months he would be too far gone to care whether he had her or not. His pleadings were so eloquent, so continued and so overwhelming that eventually he won the soothsayer's consent—provided he would watch the flock of trained martens in his absence.

It seemed like an easy task; the creatures acted tractable enough, but the terms of such a favor were always arduous. Oscaluwa would go, would ap-



LE ROY LYMAN



proach as near as possible to Genevieve while she slept, would imbue her with a love for Gawango so complete that she would get up in her sleep and walk across the mountains in a trance to Gawango, and marry him before she woke up. After that the soothsayer would make no promises.

Gawango, looking at his classic featured image in a pool, was confident that the future would be as he wished. But if during Oscaluwa's absence, Gawango allowed a single marten in the flock of fifty to escape, the charm would be broken, Genevieve would awake, and woe be to Oscaluwa and Gawango, with the rangers hot on their tracks.

Gawango promised to be vigilant. Oscaluwa started. He was a quick traveler for one of his years, and in another night was on the outskirts of the camp where Genevieve was quartered with the Rangers. Oscaluwa was captivated at the sight of her, so lovely in the campfire's glow, the only beardless figure in the group of Indian-killing frontiersmen, grim, savage, buckskin-clad men, who hunted and slew Indians for their scalps, on which they were paid a bounty, much as the State of Pennsylvania pays bounties on the scalps of wildcats and weasels today. Our frontiersman savage blood now comes out in that way!

The girl would make an ideal gift to Toconontih, the Black Prince, who should possess such a beautiful creature. But the soothsayer had promised to deliver her to Gawango; there was nothing else to do and preserve the honor of an Indian gentleman.

Behind an escarpment of mossy rocks Oscaluwa waited until the campfire's glow had burned down, and, to his infinite satisfaction, Genevieve was left on guard. He watched her with his glassy black eyes as a blacksnake fascinates a robin, until the beautiful eyes began to blink, the lovely head drooped on the buckskin coat, the long gaitered legs moved unsteadily, the slender frame leaned against the lengthy gun-barrel. Then when the charm was at its most potent point, Oscaluwa strode out from his place of concealment, touched the girl's ivory cheek with his finger, and, walking over the sleeping forms of the rangers wrapped in their heavy blankets, he started on his journey, Genevieve following.

Meanwhile, on the banks of the Lycoming, Gawango was watching his flock of half a hundred martens assiduously. It seemed like such an easy task at first! As night came on, it appeared to be more difficult. The brown, shaggy things were always getting lost in the shadows or the bushes. He built a big fire so as to see more clearly. But yet he could not be everywhere at once; herding martens was harder than herding any other animal, wild or domestic, that he had ever known of. As a last resort—for he was utterly exhausted running hither and thither—he decided to drive them all into Oscaluwa's cabin and shut the door. He could then take a little nap, perhaps.

He started to drive them in. As he did so he began counting them. One, two, three, four, five, six—all went smoothly until forty-nine. There was one miss-

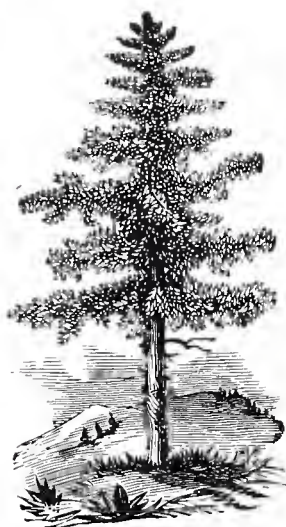
ing. With feverish anxiety he began counting them over and over again. There were only forty-nine—one had in some manner escaped. It was terrible!

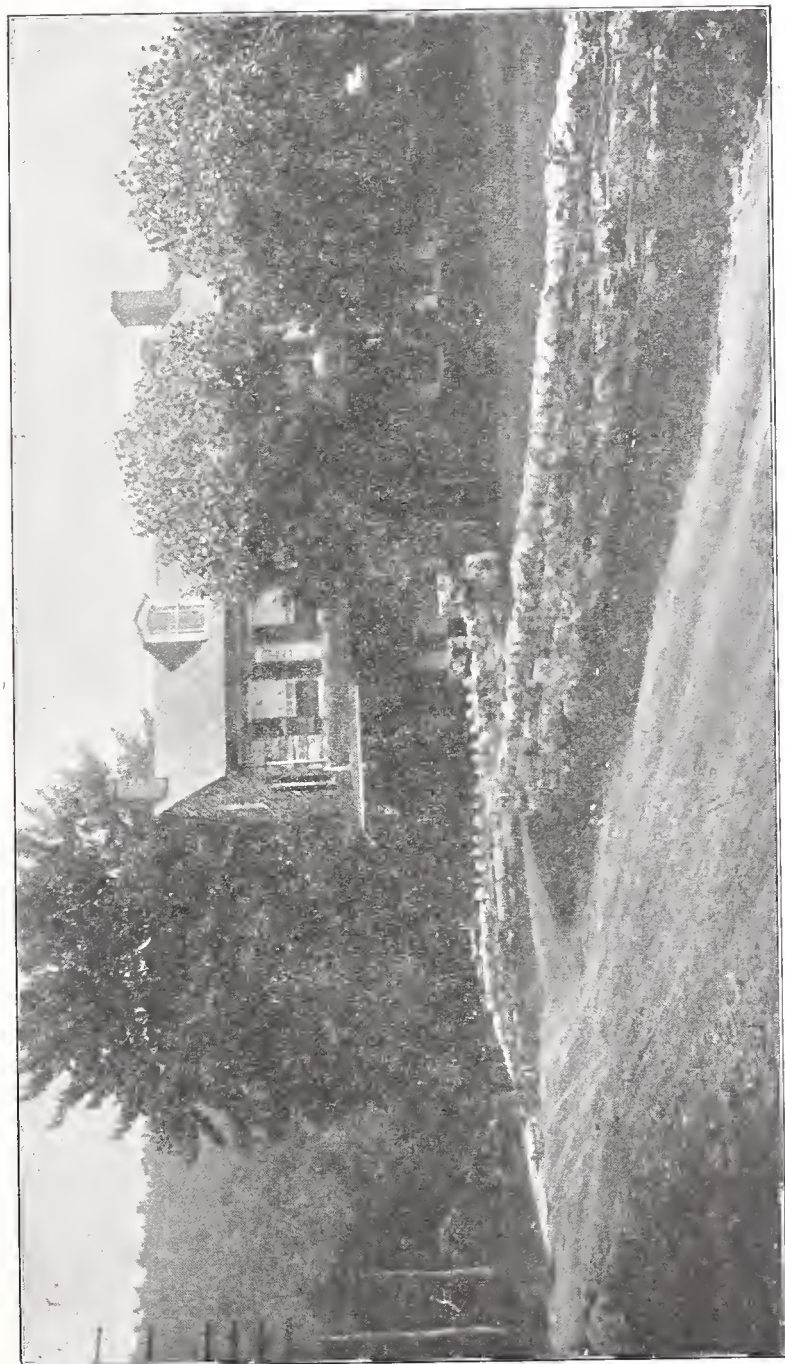
Stunned at the realization, he threw open the door, letting the other animals out, and shrieking like a madman, he ran amuck through the forest, he knew not where.

Oscaluwa was picking his way through a forest path beneath the giant pines, followed closely by Genevieve, a glassy fixity in her black, beady eyes, a mechanical motion to her steps, her long arms hanging loosely. All was going well, when suddenly he was grappled from behind by a pair of strong hands and hurled to the ground. It was Genevieve, suddenly awakened from her trance by something, and, instantly realizing her predicament, was resolved to be revenged. Throttled and dazed, the crafty Indian was precipitated to the rocky path, and before he could raise a hand in his defense, the girl had drawn her long bear knife from her belt and slit his throat from ear to ear. Then she nonchalantly cut off his head and started back in the direction of the rangers' encampment on Marsh Creek, carrying the ugly trophy by the long, matted hair.

As he breathed his last, Oscaluwa probably realized that one of the Black Prince's martens had escaped; that the spell was broken. And that was why Gawango ceased to hope further for the possession of the beautiful Genevieve, and sensibly and quietly retired to the mouth of the crystalline Kinzua to eat out his heart in thoughts of what might have been.

And the trained martens spread through the forests of Northern Pennsylvania, checking the depredations of rattlers, copperheads and adders to the lasting benefit of mankind.





PETER ALLEN'S, BUILT 1725

VI. THE FISHER OR BLACK CAT

IS the Pecan, Fisher or Black Cat (*Mustela Canadensis*) completely extinct in Pennsylvania? If this question was put to a jury of the most expert woodsmen and trappers, it is safe to assume that the answer would be in the affirmative.

Why this shy, inoffensive creature should have been marked for destruction by the insatiable hunting class remains a mystery. True enough its fur was valuable, but even so, it should have been trapped as the Indians did for untold centuries within reason, within season, and with common sense. Unlike the wolverene or the pine martin, the black cat enjoyed a habitat including pretty much all of what is known as "Mountainous Pennsylvania". In no region was it more plentiful than in the ranges of mountains which the Susquehanna River bisects above Harrisburg, the chains of the Kittochatinny or Blue Mountains, the Second Mountain, Peter's Mountain, Berries Mountain, Mahantango and Mahanoy Mountains.

It is stated that the live specimen which Professor Spencer Fullerton David sent to Audubon was one of two pecans which the great Berks County naturalist captured on Peter's Mountain, not far from Peter Allen's, early in February, 1844.

As late as March 11, 1896, a magnificent black cat was killed in Lancaster County, on Mill Creek, a

stream which rises in the Welsh Mountains. Professor Elliott Coues in his "Fur Bearing Animals of America", published in 1877, states that at that time black cats were fairly plentiful in the mountains of Cumberland and Perry Counties. These counties contain the Blue and Second Mountains, the Tuscarora Mountain and other chains. A black cat was observed on the banks of Fishing Creek, not far from Mann's Axe Factory (where the creek cuts through the Bald Eagle chain) in 1901. In Forest County the noted trapper, John Bush, of Tionesta, captured a black cat on the ice on the Allegheny River in 1893. Rhoads mentions the taking of several pecans in Cameron County in 1895 and 1896; also some captured in Potter County around the same period. M. S. Prescott tells of killing one on Loyalsock Creek, in Sullivan County, in 1874. Otis Lyman, of Potter County, says that the fisher was a rare animal in the "Northern Tier", but occasionally, fifty or sixty years ago, one or two were in the habit of visiting the Black Forest.

In 1874 John H. Chatham, the Central Pennsylvania naturalist, saw a fine black cat on the breast of the dam in Lick Run, near Farrandsville, Clinton County. Mr. Chatham was concealed behind a pile of logs which he was estimating, when the animal came down from the mountain, took a swim in the mill pond and then sunned itself on the breast of the dam. He describes it as being larger than a good sized tom cat, of a rich dark mahogany color, heavily furred, with an immense bushy tail and quick and

graceful in its movements. It seemed equally at home in the water as on the land, and he believed that the creature was looking for trout, which at that time were numerous in the pond.

Thomas G. Simcox, an old Clinton County prospector, saw several fishers on Mosquito Creek, Clearfield County, at the time of the Civil War. Jacob Quiggle, a venerable raftsmen of Clinton County, who died in 1911, recalled that the skins of fishers were sold by Indians at the mouth of Moshannon Creek, in Centre County, previous to the Civil War period. He also heard of a black cat taken in the mill pond at the Rockey place, in Eastern Sugar Valley, in Clinton County, by the veteran hunter Aaron Embigh, after the war. The old gentleman stated that at no time was the black cat as plentiful as wild cat or the wolf, but in colonial days it was to be found frequently enough to warrant hunters devoting their entire time to its chase and capture.

Seth Nelson, Jr., of Round Island, Clinton County, says that in the seventies he captured at least a dozen "black cats", but has seen none since about 1874.

Its glossy, horse chestnut colored fur was very popular at one time for capes, which were worn by Indian princesses and young women of the leading pioneer families. It was a favorite token of backwoods lovers to present these handsome raiments to the objects of their devotion.

One story, dating back to colonial days, the aged raftsmen, Jacob Quiggle, was particularly fond of re-

lating. It had been told to his grandfather, Ensign Philip Quigley, of Revolutionary fame, by Captain Peter Pentz, of the Rangers, and gave an insight into colonial life on the frontier, and the excessive popularity of the fur of the black cat among the Indians, the frontiersmen and their ladies. The scene of this particular incident was laid at the foot of Peter's Mountain, at Peter Allen's stone house, for half a century or more the favorite stopping place and resting place for travelers already weary of their journeys from Nazareth, Heidelberg or Harris' Ferry, who had many mountains to cross before reaching their ultimate goal at Shamokin, "The Place of the Horns", now called Sunbury. So many were the travelers that the entire second floor of the long, solidly built structure (it was completed about 1729) was given over to their accommodation.

A hempen curtain hung across one end showed where a place was reserved for female guests. Near the ladies' department was the opening of the staircase from below. Wooden bunks ranged along both sides of the big sleeping room, partitioned off one board high, with the heads to the wall, the feet towards the entry which ran between the double row of bunks. One window in each end furnished light and ventilation. This window was kept shut in the winter time, as there was no way in which to heat the vast apartment except by the stairway from the kitchen and living room below.

When the Rangers or other military bodies came

there, sometimes as many as half a hundred men slept side by side in the double rows of bunks. No pillows or coverlets were provided; the pioneers always carried blankets and put their saddle bags or packs under their heads, but travelers of quality, such as officers, land agents, church dignitaries and the like were invariably accompanied by servants who arranged their bunks with mattresses, sheets, blankets and pillows before their haughty masters retired. Generally the compartment reserved for women was given over to the male travelers of high degree, as they desired the exclusiveness which it brought to them. On a certain afternoon in November, 1781, the stone house was honored by a visit from Captain Cecil Goheen, of Philadelphia, sent there by the *de facto* government to settle the scalp bounty with the Rangers.

As it happened this was the last payment ever made on Indian scalps in Pennsylvania, so in this respect it was an historic occasion. Several of the virtuous and churchly leaders of the Proprietary Government, headed by John Penn, had, in July, 1764, instituted this humane policy of ridding the Pennsylvania Mountains of the last remaining Indians. One hundred and thirty-four dollars were paid for the scalps of grown male Indians, \$50 for the scalps of Indian children and Indian women. It was continued almost through the Revolution, when it was abandoned, partly through lack of funds, partly because the hunted became so scarce it hardly paid men to spend their entire time seeking them. In other words, the redmen

and the red women and red children, too, were trapped for the bounty on their scalps much as big, hale, hearty men today who ought to be in the trenches or in the mines, spend weeks and months capturing minks, weasels and wild cats for the few dollars bounty handed to them by the crafty politicians, who sponge off the Hunters' License Fund.

Captain Goheen on this particular expedition carried on his person no less than £5,000 (the currency was much depreciated) ; a paymaster accompanied him to engage in the actual handling of the "lucre", also a detail of guards and orderlies, for ambush attacks by the Indians and white mauraunders were still likely to occur. Captain Goheen was a very handsome young man, splendidly educated in England and France, the heir to a vast fortune and immense landed estates. Like most of his class, he espoused a military career, cutting a fine figure in his shako and sword as shown in Duche's portrait still in the possession of his descendants. Previous to this journey he had never been west of Conewago, let alone in the No Man's Land beyond Harris' Ferry.

It was a wonderful trip for him, through vast and gloomy forests, over steep mountains and rushing streams ; it seemed like going to the end of the world. He tarried at the military post at Harris' long enough for word to be sent to Peter Allen's that he was coming with his entourage, consequently all was in readiness when he dismounted from his handsome iron gray stallion. The living room on the ground floor

had been set apart for his exclusive use, a roaring fire was in the huge fireplace, on the woodwork of which were carved the Allen crest, a pot of water steamed on the crane, some chestnuts were roasting in the alcove of the inglenook.

The young captain was gratified at this show of respect in the outposts of civilization and stood before the flaming logs unbuttoning his great military coat, for the day had been more like January than November, with a biting wind off the river, when Mrs. Barbara Schwartz (her husband was a soldier in the Revolutionary War), who was the chief cook and housekeeper of the inn, knocked and entered. Bowing low with the respect she had learned as a girl in Alsace, she explained that she had forgotten to take away the skin of the black cat which had been left to dry in the Dutch oven by the fire-place. As she opened the small iron door, her hands covered by her apron, the captain, with well-bred curiosity, inquired what a black cat might be, for he was clever enough to infer that the animal in question was not the regular old-time domestic tabby. A black cat, explained Mrs. Schwartz in her best broken English, was a fur-bearing animal about the size of a fox, which was very plentiful in the pine forests on the mountain above the stone house, that its fur was highly regarded by the mountain people, that she wanted to get together enough furs to make a cape for her youngest daughter, Mariele, who was soon to marry a prosperous set-

tlar, who resided on the Christunn, about forty miles further up the river.

The woman handed the fur to the officer. Certainly it was very pretty, he thought, as he ran his fingers through the long, smooth hairs, but what would anybody living so far from all creation as forty miles further up the river want with anything so luxurious as a fur cape! It was an ornament for a gentlewoman! His curiosity satisfied, Mrs. Schwartz withdrew, leaving the distinguished guest to amuse himself as best he could until the arrival of the Rangers.

There were other souvenirs of the wild life of the adjacent mountains in the big high ceilinged room. He found that he was standing on a rug made from the hide of a panther, though the head was missing; it must have measured nine or ten feet from throat to tip of tail; it was the first of this species he had ever seen and it interested him mightily. There were several magnificent buffalo robes, very dark in color, the hair crisp and curly, thrown across the four-poster bed. The antlers of a shovel-horn buck, palmated much as were the fallow bucks in English parks where he had visited, were nailed above the mantel-shelf. As a dust-brush, on a hook by the fire-place, hung several wings of paroquets; the soot had tarnished the gaudy green plumage somewhat—they had been killed as they tried to ravage a corn-shock by the spring just back of the house the winter before.

His sporting instincts pleased by this modest display of hunting trophies, the young man passed an hour

until a knock on the door announced his paymaster, Sergeant Andrew O'Kane. The paymaster was an Irish youth of good family, but for some reason or other did not hold a commission, his clerical abilities having side-tracked, as it were, his military advancement. He came to announce the arrival of Lieutenant Michael Grove, of the Rangers, his orderly and bodyguard.

Captain Goheen smiled condescendingly. The idea of a rough frontiersman who scalped Indians for the bounty, to travel with the same military aides as himself, who had learned the art of war from an Aide-de-Camp of Frederick the Great. But Captain Goheen was interested to meet this noted backwoods figure so he ordered the paymaster to bid him enter. O'Kane explained that Lieutenant Grove wished his orderly to come with him; that the orderly kept the accounts and could perhaps explain them better than he was able to do. Captain Goheen nodded that the orderly might be admitted.

The paymaster opened the door wide, and Lieutenant Grove strode in. Certainly he was a curious looking person. He was young and not very tall, or very straight, his black hair was worn long, it fell over his shoulders; his angular face was hidden under a soft dark beard, his full eyes were very black, his cheek bones and high nose were those of an Indian. He was dressed in a suit of buckskin, with gilt buttons of the King George pattern, several cartridge belts were about his waist, he carried a long knife in

a sheath, his legs and feet were encased in leggins and moccasins. To Captain Goheen he typified the savage, the primitive man, but when he spoke it was with a Dutch accent, for his parents were of Hollandish stock; the name had been originally Op den Graeff, when the first bearers of the name in Pennsylvania signed the immortal protest against Negro slavery in 1698.

Captain Goheen soon saw that the bearded frontiersman was no ruffian, that he had a fine sense of the proprieties, in other words, his position. Then the captain's eyes drifted to the orderly who stood by the lieutenant's shoulder. A tall, very slim youth, still in the teens he seemed to be, with a delicate oval face, aquiline nose that turned up a trifle too much at the end to be truly masculine, eyes very black and very restless, much soft, dark, wavy hair, and a complexion like a wax lily. The orderly, too, was dressed in a buckskin suit, the coat hooked close under the chin but without the brass buttons, the long slim legs were encased in buckskin leggins and on the small feet were red leather moccasins. A strange looking person, thought Captain Goheen, very effeminate looking, very youthful and mild for the rough life of an Indian killer.

He was further amazed when the orderly in low, gentle tone, read the long vellum record of Indian butcheries, producing in every instance the horrid scalp from a leather knapsack, to match each recorded description. It was a terrible, blood-curdling recital

from beginning to end, especially when the scalps of Indian women and children were displayed and the candles were lighted long before the last scalp had been verified and the payments turned over to Lieutenant Grove by Sergeant O'Kane. When the business was finished the lieutenant and the orderly withdrew, leaving the captain and paymaster with a pile of scalps to dispose of as best they could.

Soon after they had taken their leave Mrs. Schwartz came in to ask the captain if he was ready to have his supper served in the room. Instantly the young man, as if divining some mystery, asked the woman concerning the identity of Lieutenant Grove's orderly. The woman smiled broadly. Then she came close and whispered: "Your honor, that orderly is 'Loverhill, the Indian killer'. She is a girl, Genevieve Loverhill. She comes from the Karoondinba, fifty miles up the river. They say she became infatuated with Lieutenant Grove; her parents could do nothing with her; she followed him to the forests, and he had to enlist her to prevent her from killing herself; she is the worst Indian butcher in the Rangers; she is absolutely without mercy and without fear. They tell it that she has one hundred notches on her knife handle".

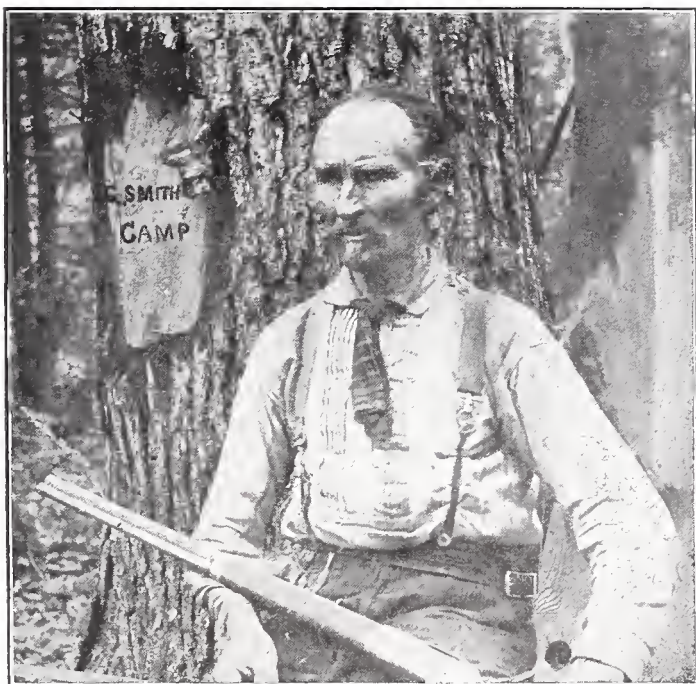
Captain Goheen was amazed, he felt rather queerly, but he asked no more questions. He did not eat much supper; even his favorite Madeira did not taste good; he felt restless and ill at ease; perhaps it was due to the pile of ill-smelling filthy scalps which were still on the panther rug by the table where he sat. At any

rate he got up and hurriedly left the room, the best of his carefully prepared supper untasted. Out in the kitchen Lieutenant Grove and most of his party were seated about the fire. To add incongruity to the scene there was an enormous Indian, he must have been seven feet tall, with a shaven head, beady eyes, and long mustaches, lolling on a settee beside Sergeant O'Kane, the two smoking their pipes and conversing together not an arm's length from the blood-thirstiest band of scalp hunters in all of Penn's Woods. Captain Goheen scanned the hairy faces of the Rangers; Loverhill, as they called her, was not among them.

When the motley group saw the captain they all rose, and O'Kane approached him and whispered that the Indian, Long John, who lived about thirty miles up the river, had something to show him. It was a cape made from the furs of a dozen especially choice black cats; he wanted a pound for it, he had it in a sack outside the house; should he send him for it.

"No", replied the captain, "it is very warm in here, I will got out and see it".

He was amazed at the height of the Indian, who had to stoop as he went through the door. As they filed out, O'Kane explained that Long John was a friendly Indian whom the Rangers permitted to remain at his home in return for valuable information obtained from him; that he was hated by the other Indians as much as the Rangers liked him; that he was *seven feet tall*. His grave, discernable today close by



GEORGE SMITH (1827-1901)

Known as "Hunter" Smith

the village of Herndon, amply proves this statement. Herold's school house, across the Susquehanna from Outside the air was crisp and bity cold, the stars were bright, several dogs began to bark.

When Captain Goheen's eyes became accustomed to the starlight he noticed a figure seated quietly on a bench against the house. Moving a step closer he could see that it was "Loverhill, the Indian killer". He did not lose time in closing up the bargain for the cape with Long John. The paymaster counted out the money, the big Indian went to a shed where the sheep bells were tinkling, to get some sleep in the hay; O'Kane discreetly went indoors.

With the cape on his arm Captain Goheen approached the girl seated so quietly on the bench with her back against the stone house, looking out at the stars and Short Mountain.

"Good evening", he said, in his courtliest tones. The girl got up reluctantly; there was no truculence in her manner, that was certain. "Pray be seated", said the captain, motioning her back to the bench. She sat down.

Then he told her that he had heard that she was a girl, a great Indian killer, and of wonderful assistance to all the Rangers, including Captain Peter Grove, Captain Peter Pentz and Lieutenant Michael Grove. The girl made no reply. Then he handed her the cape made from the furs of the dozen choice black cats, the prospective envy of the mountain girls. But she politely refused it.

"It would be of no use to me", she said. "I always go about as a boy; I have no place for finery, no one I could give it to in all my acquaintance".

But she was not rude or distant. Her manner was so reassuring that Captain Goheen, forgetting military etiquette, sat down beside her. They seemed naturally congenial. Their talk, made easy by a hidden bond of sympathy, became very personal as time went on. The young officer, influenced, no doubt, by the beauty at his side and the weird romance of the place, confessed that a strange thrill had gone through him after he had seen her; that she must abandon her life as a scalp hunter and come to Lancaster or York, where her beauty and personality would be appreciated.

"For no matter who you are", he said, "you are a lady, your place is among persons of talent and refinement, and not here perhaps, in the end to be scalped like the savages you have been slaying."

Genevieve folded her long, thin arms and leaned her head against the wall, looking up at the moon, which had risen above Peter's Mountain and was now sailing clear and silvery in the heavens over the valley.

"I, too, had a strange feeling tonight" she said, "but I had a thrill once before when, as a small girl, I first saw Michael Grove at my father's camp on Switzer Run, I said to myself, 'I will follow that man to the ends of the earth', and I did, making myself an outlaw with my family for him, shedding Indian blood incessantly to please him, for he has always been

so gentle and kind. But, tonight, I felt another thrill, a thousand times as strong and oh, so beautiful, and a clearer voice within me said: 'I would follow that man to the ends of the earth'. That is why I came out here to reason it out with the stars, for it was all so very foolish. I have made my place in life, I must follow it as long as there is an Indian left to kill. I could not vow the same regarding two men. Here I am 'Loverhill, of the Rangers', in Lancaster I would be 'Genevieve Loverhill, arch murderess', black-hearted fiend for the indignant Quakers to make an example of. I will stay where by destiny has placed me, to the end".

Captain Goheen, overcome with emotion, tried to take her in his arms, but she drew away. "Can I not come into your world in the wilderness; I own vast tracts of land all over these mountains; I can settle 'up the river' and make a home for you away from the civilized standards which you think would condemn you; I would be happy with you there".

Genevieve shook her small head with its masses of soft, wavy dark hair. "I am sure that I truly love you, but I have told you that early in life I vowed I would go to the ends of the world with Lieutenant Grove; I have done my duty by him, I will do so to the end, even though tonight by seeing you, I feel that I am condemned eternally as a murderess and a fiend. If I told you of the Indian women and children I have killed, you would think I was the devil in the form of a girl. You would hate me at the sight of the first

Indian widow. It can never be; you may kiss me and leave me alone to make my prayer to the stars”.

Captain Goheen put his arms around and twined her long thin fingers in his. She leaned against him while he kissed her ivory face and red full lips time and time again. The moon, which had risen above the old yellow pines on the comb of Peter's Mountain behind the stone house, now was going down through the pines on the crest of the Short Mountain across Clark's Valley; it had completed the circuit of Orion. A few glimmering rays shone on the tall white trunks of the girdled original pines on the other side of Clark's Creek, which was gurgling over its rocky bed in the distance. The musical trickle of the running pump by the stone house was audible with the roar of the creek.

When he went indoors Mrs. Schwartz sat by the inglenook; the room was dark save for the embers on the hearth; all of the others, even Lieutenant Grove, had gone upstairs. The old woman stood deferentially and curtsied. As he passed her he gallantly presented her with the cape made from the furs of the black cats taken by Long John.

“Give that to your daughter, Mariele, for her wedding with my blessing.”

“Oh, thank you, sir, thank you so much, sir; it will be her grandest gift”, echoed the woman as he closed his door.

He did not take time to light a rush-light; there was still fire on the hearth, and only partially undress-

ing, he threw himself on the bed, among the dark, curly buffalo robes. It was broad daylight when he awoke; he was feeling very ill. He had neglected to open the window, that was the reason, but as he jumped out of bed his feet rested on something damp and hairy; it was the pile of scalps left there by Lieutenant Grove and his orderly the evening before.

Lifting them up with the flat side of his sabre as a farmer would a nest of caterpillars, he placed the horrible trophies in the Dutch oven and closed the door. It was proper that from the recess from which had come the black cat's fur, the symbol of his brief romance with "Loverhill, of the Rangers", should go these reminders of her prowess in the forests. Hurriedly dressing, the young officer went to the kitchen. Paymaster O'Kane was there and Mrs. Schwartz. Lieutenant Grove and his crew, Long John, "Loverhill, the Indian killer", had departed before daybreak, he was told. It was like some fantastic dream.



VII. THE WOLVERENE

ALONG with other species of animals typical of the northern faunal zone, the wolverene, or glutton (*Gulo luscus*), was found, although but sparingly in all of the North Tier of Counties in Pennsylvania. Rhoads tells of several wolverenes killed during the last century, among them one on the Tiadaghton, now called Pine Creek, by the veteran trapper, C. C. Burdette. Seth Iredell Nelson and his brother Joe accounted for another during the Civil War, at the Great Salt Lick in Portage Township, Potter County. Le Roy Lyman (1821-1886), whose hunting diary indicates that he killed over three thousand head of big game in the forests of Northern Pennsylvania, captured several wolverenes that had looted his traps. Lyman's son, Otis, states that the tracks of wolverenes were seen as late as 1870.

Seth Nelson Jr., says they were much more plentiful in the Black Forest of Potter and Clinton Counties than has been generally supposed. They often looted his father's entire trap line, and were difficult to catch. Their cries at night were familiar in the forest. The old time hunters called them the "squalling lynx". They left the Black Forest after the Civil War, disappearing when lumbering commenced on a large scale in their favorite haunts.

The animals were locally called gluttons because of their insatiable appetites, and their propensity of fol-

lowing a trap-line and devouring every animal in it from wolves to weasels before the hunters could get on the scene. They would trail woodsmen for hours for the purpose of getting their loads should they lay them down for a brief side trip to their traps or to investigate some nook or ravine. For these reasons the wolverene was continually persecuted until driven from his abode in the great hemlock forests of the Northern Tier. John C. French says that he saw a wolverine in 1862; tracks of one in 1868, and a skin of one recently killed in 1871 or 1872.

Mike Long, a less spectacular but as equally capable a hunter as his brother, the mighty Bill Long, "The King Hunter", or his nephew, Andy Jackson Long, slew several wolverenes in the wilds of McKean County. His exploits are attested to by C. W. Dickinson, whose knowledge of Pennsylvania hunters and game of the old days is scrupulously exact.

Jesse Logan, the Indian hunter, recollected killing a wolverene on Tuna Creek prior to the Civil War. In Tioga County there is a record of a glutton caught in a trap on Marsh Creek shortly before the outbreak of the great war between the Blue and the Gray. Seth Iredell Nelson, who was born in 1809 and died in 1905, thus described the wolverene to the writer of these pages:

"The glutton resembled a small bear, only its expression was crafty and cruel, its inexhaustible appetite showing in its ugly teeth and sharp, shifty eyes. It had sparse fur, large feet and claws, and moved

with the unsteadiness of a drunken man. It slept off its eating debauches, must as a human inebriate sleeps after a night over the cups. It was feared by all the animals of the forests, even by bears, and there were instances where it took young cubs from traps, devouring them even to their hides."

It was only natural that around such a fiend and monster many wierd' and curious legends clustered. Its rarity, the suddenness of its descent upon a trap-line and the completeness of the destruction which it wrought made it an animal marked for the white man's vengeance. Though there are many tales of its connection with the supernatural in the annals of the red men, tales full of horror and gloom, the story of how Joe Nelson found the wolverene at the Great Salt Lick in 1863 on the trap-line which his brother Seth and himself maintained, caught in a wolf trap, is full of interest, especially as it concerns some of the last wolverenes, as far as known, taken in the Keystone Commonwealth.

The mere killing of the animal belongs to the province of statistics, but the elements surrounding the killing, the romantic circumstances belong to a broaded field, which deserves to live along with the record of the deed.

Seth Iredell Nelson was a modest man, a strangely reticent man, and it is a pity he was not given to autobiography like Philip Tomb, diary keeping like Le Roy Lyman, or possessed an able biographer like Samuel Askey did in Rev. F. B. Boyer. In the lengthy

obituary notices which appeared in Clinton County newspapers at the time of Seth Nelson's death, little mention was made of his prowess as a hunter. His qualities as pioneer, gentleman and Christian were properly dilated upon, but the fact that he had killed 50 elk and over 2,000 deer in the forests of Northern Pennsylvania received no mention.

Rhoads, who visited the aged hunter in 1898 and 1899, was able to secure some of the choice bits of hunting lore, which he has preserved for all time in his remarkable book, "Mammals of Pennsylvania and New Jersey". The writer, who visited the old Nimrod the same years as Rhoads, was also able to gather from him a certain amount of data concerning his hunting triumphs, but that was all, the rest had gone to that sea of oblivion from which no scrap of knowledge ever re-crosses the black horizon. Through Thomas G. Simcox and John Q. Dyce the writer heard considerable concerning Nelson, also of his brother Joe, of equal repute as a slayer of big game.

The writer will never forget that bright September morning when, seated with old Seth on a little board bench between two red maple trees on the bank of the Sinnemahoning, he first mentioned Dyce's name to him. The old hunter's keen blue eyes twinkled.

"I should say I do", he answered. "He was the funniest man on the river". And the aged man chuckled and chuckled and chuckled as if recalling to memory droll incidents of the old rafting and hunting days.

Then he asked the writer if he ever heard Dyce relate the legend of Altar Rock, the great natural monument of red sandstone which rises like an obelisk at the rear of the Nelson home. He had not, but on returning home did not lose much time in seeking out the genial "John Q.," as he was called, and learning from him this odd legend of Indian times.

But to return to Joe Nelson's wolverene: During the winter of 1862 and 1863, when most of the North Tier trappers were fighting for their country, the Nelson brothers, who were counted as "too old" for service—Joe was born in 1805 and Seth in Abe Lincoln's year, 1809—had hunting and trapping pretty much to themselves with their younger rivals absent. The record of the bears, wolves, martens, foxes, wild-cats and other animals which they secured that memorable winter was prodigious, even at a time when the Pennsylvania Mountains still abounded with wild life.

The Great Salt Lick had always been a veritable Paradise for game. Three-quarters of a century before the bison had used it, elk until a few years before had come to it in droves, it was literally over-run with deer. Like the water-holes of British East Africa, immortalized by moving picture artists, fiercer animals such as wolves, lynxes, wild-cats and wolverenes were constantly prowling about, hoping to pull down a sick or wounded deer, or feast off a carcass left by the hunters. Panthers rarely visited the Great Salt Lick, for some reason, after about 1845 (probably



SETH IREDELL NELSON (1809-1905)

too many hunters), they seldom were found north of the main stream of the Sinnemahoning after that time, though they were so plentiful south of it that James Wylie Miller saw the tracks of nine one morning at a crossing on Up Jerry's Run, south of the village of Sinnemahoning.

Squire Austin is quoted by Rhoads as saying in 1900 that in his long experience he only knew of one panther killed in Potter County, that one by Henry Hulbert in 1841. *Felis cougar* was practically a stranger to the entire "Black Forest" after the hunters arrived in force.

It is noteworthy that Le Roy Lyman, slayer of over 300 wolves, was never fortunate enough to kill a panther, claiming that he never saw even the tracks of the Pennsylvania lion in Potter County.

On one occasion, late in November, when the Nelson brothers visited their trap-line at the Great Salt Lick, they collected all their pelts except at one trap, where there were evidences that a small bear had been taken. Its toes were in the trap, but cut off so sharply that it looked as if the operation had been performed with an axe. The brothers much doubted that a wolf or wolverene had been the culprit, as there would be signs where the beast had dragged its victim away through the snow to be eaten in some cave or rhododendron thicket; all indications pointed to the *carrying away* of the cub after its release from the trap. There was blood about, but no signs of a struggle. Furthermore, a wolverene would not have been satis-

fied with the bear; it would have followed the trap-line with unerring exactitude and made a feast royal until the last trapped creature had disappeared into its voracious maw.

About two weeks later another small bear was taken in the same way. It looked as the culprit was a human being, but who in the forests was capable of such a mean act? All possible names were gone over and dismissed as guiltless; it must be the sneaking, stealthy wolverene after all. Hunters, old-time ones as well as moderns, always love to blame some animal or bird for every forest tragedy. If a deer dies in the woods from old age, they claim that a wildcat killed it; if the grouse die of throat trouble, they lay their disappearance to foxes; every chicken that the rats take is carried off by a hawk.

With no other solution at hand, the usually fair-minded Nelson brothers yielded to the practice of the mountains and laid it to a wandering glutton. They continued to think that way until one evening, when Joe Nelson was coming down a steep, heavily timbered ravine that led into the waters of Freeman's Run, he came face to face with a very attractive young girl, in fact, the belle of that section of the wilderness. Her name was Katharine Ackerly, and she was the daughter of a waterman well-known on the Sinnemahoning, Hiram Ackerly. It had been rumored that the young man with whom she "kept company", Mordecai Flask, was a deserter from the Army.

Nelson immediately conjectured that the deserter had returned to his familiar haunts in the mountains, where he was being fed by his sweetheart. The girl carried nothing on that occasion; but it did not matter. He noticed that she blushed and looked confused as he passed her; if not going to have a rendezvous with the deserter, she had some other clandestine lover in the forest.

Katharine was an uncommonly pretty girl for any time or community. She had ash blonde hair, dark brows and lashes, soft gray eyes, a straight nose, a round face, a plump but shapely figure; her hands were white and the fingers tapering; she was always washing her hands.

Furthermore, Nelson was now sure where the two young bears had disappeared to out of the traps; it wasn't a wolverene after all, but a human glutton that was fed. He felt more resentful against the contemptible deserter's looting his trap-line than he had previously against the suppositious voracious wolverene. Joe conveyed his surmises to brother Seth, who agreed with him in every particular. They were not averse to "hitting the trail" of the deserter, there was a reward and a sense of duty done by his capture. If they could keep him away from the trap-line he would starve when cold weather set in, as it would be difficult for the girl to invent excuses to take frequent ten mile tramps through the snow. They were too chivalrous to inform her parents; they did not want

to get her into trouble, besides it might mean that the deserter would fly the country. But try as they would with all their trapper's skill, they were unable to meet Katharine again in the forest, or get on the trail of her lover before winter set in in earnest.

All old-timers recall the unusually extended cold spell which ushered in the New Year of 1863. First of all there was a week of almost continuous snow. It drifted the paths in the ravines so full that it promised to make them impassable until Spring. After these blizzard conditions the weather unexpectedly changed to warmer for a night, there was a heavy rainfall which reduced the volume of snow considerably—in fact, in many places it left the ground entirely bare. Then came a sudden frost, which made the floor of the forest like a vast ice pond. It was bitterly cold, and towards nightfall the wolves, cold and hungry, were heard howling in the forest back of the Nelson brothers' shanty-clearing, near the Great Salt Lick.

As the thermometer fell the two trappers kept throwing the clean beechwood chunks into the old woodburner from a pile that extended from floor to rafters along one side of the kitchen wall. These wily backwoodsmen were too wise to stack their wood outdoors—it meant opening the door to get it, thereby counteracting the effects of the hot stove. The Nelson's agreed together that they had never felt such cold. It was too frigid, in fact, to get out and take a shot at the wolves, whose howling seemed to come

closer and closer to the cabin as the shadows lengthened. The dogs were too cold to go after them, huddling with their tails, on which the hair was frozen, between their legs, just outside the shanty door, whining piteously to be let in.

Just at dark the wolves gave up their howling and began the low music of tongueing. The trappers imagined that they had found the trail of a belated snow-shoe rabbit, which was headed towards the clearing, as the melodious music grew nearer and nearer. A minute later there was the sound of footsteps on the porch, and a quick, nervous knocking at the door. The Nelsons were amazed at the idea of receiving a visitor on that blizzard night in such a remote spot; it was six miles across high mountains to the nearest house.

They jumped from their benches and ran to the door. Joe reached it first, and throwing out the hasp, pulled in the door, revealing the shivering form of Katharine Ackerly. She wore a red woolen hood, cloak and mittens, with fur anklets about the tops of her high boots. She had on several skirts, evidently she had made every effort to protect herself against the cold on that wild night. The men were so excited that they almost forgot to be polite.

"What are you doing here?" they demanded pre-emptorily. "Don't you know the wolves are out to-night."

The girl had been walking fast over slippery ground and could hardly get her breath to reply. When she was able to speak she said:

"There's a man dying on Portage mountain. I want you to come and help him."

The men threw on their fur jackets, slipped on their woolen mittens, picked up their rifles, pulled their fur caps over their eyes, preparatory to starting. They were glad to aid a human being in distress, though they knew that the person in question was an army deserter.

"Have you got any stimulants?" asked Seth Nelson just before he closed the door.

"I fetched him a quart of Reish for Christmas", said the girl, "but I couldn't find any trace of the bottle tonight."

So the trapper ran back and unlocked a chest and took out a large jug of spirits. The wolves had become quiet, the dogs trotted by their masters, as the party filed out along the slippery uneven path which led across the stump-dotted clearing to the dark, tall forest of original white pines. Into the forest they went, the girl leading the way. Seth Nelson carried an old-fashioned tin lantern in which a tallow candle was stuck. It shed a flickering uncertain light among the giant trunks of the ancient Weymouth pines. They crossed Portage Creek on a log which was very slippery, and then turned and entered a long, deep draft which cut into the side of Portage Mountain. Up the hollow they climbed, slipping and sliding.

Several times the lantern glimmered out; it was difficult to strike the flint to relight it.

The Nelsons recollected that there was a bear cave somewhere near the top of the mountain. Could the girl be leading them to it? She said nothing, so they asked no questions. They would learn the whole story soon enough.

When they reached the last bench they turned off from the path and passed through the forest in a southerly direction. In about a mile they came to a vast overhanging ledge of rocks known as the "Bear Rocks". Katharine stopped and gave a low whistle three times. There was no response, so she began climbing up the almost perpendicular face of the cliff. The two hunters followed as best they could with their rifles and packs, and the lantern.

The girl was as agile as a wildcat; ice and sleet were as nothing to her. About fifty feet from the bottom of the ledge, and an equal distance from the top, was a shelf of rock which ran almost the entire length of the cliff. She walked along it, steadying herself herself with one hand against the smooth wall until she came to a crevice, perhaps two feet high, the same distance wide. She motioned to the men to come there, while she stooped and entered.

Seth Nelson's lantern seemed suited to such narrow quarters, for it illuminated admirably the chamber which opened out within the mouth of the cave. On the ramp, slimy stone floor lay a young man, his bed the hides of two young black bears. Over him were

the badly frayed and torn hides of a buffalo and a wolf. The water from the roof of the cave was dripping on him.

The Nelsons eyed one another; their surmises were correct as to what had become of the cubs which vanished from their traps; the wolverine was absolved for once.

The unfortunate man was none other than Mordecai Flask, the deserter. He was semi-conscious and ghastly pale. His long, dark hair and beard, which he had grown in the army, was matted and frozen, and accentuated the whiteness of his brow, cheeks and lips. His eyes were wide open and had assumed the glassiness that portends dissolution. There seemed to be few provisions in the cave, a few crusts of bread, some rancid butter, a tin of stale coffee, a chunk of spoiled marrow—that was all.

Seth Nelson took his jug of spirits from the pack and poured out a tin cup full, which he poured down the sick man's throat. It gagged him; he was too far gone to swallow. Katharine was kneeling over him, holding both his hands.

"Feel them," she whispered to Joe Nelson. "Tell me what it means."

They were as cold as death. The gaunt backwoodsman simply pointed a bony finger upwards. The eyes began rolling back in the head, there was a gurgling and a choking, then silence and more choking, as gradually the spirit disentangled itself from the body preparatory to its flight.

It was painful for the girl to watch the progress of dissolution, the inevitable finish of the brief earthly career of the man she loved, for at the time of his death he was only twenty-one. At length the stillness became permanent. Joe Nelson, feeling the pulse, knew that life was extinct. The girl realized it, too, but looking at the pallid form, she muttered bravely, "He is only in a trance."

Then the Nelsons lit a small fire at the mouth of the cave, put the buffalo robe under them, lit their pipes and discussed the question as to what to do with the body. They asked the girl. She confessed that her parents had known that she had been meeting the man, and for their sakes it must not become a matter of matter of general knowledge. Flask, she said was a native of Columbia County, from the headwaters of Kitchen's Creek; he had no near relatives, so it would be folly to think of shipping the body home. It would ruin her parents if it was known that she had been feeding a deserter for three months. She strongly advised interring the remains somewhere in the forest.

With true mountain chivalry the hunters acceded to her request. An old double bitted axe lay against the depleted wood pile in the cave; it might be used to make the grave. They decided to wait until day-break and carry the body from the cavern and bury it along the ravine. Then they fell to talking about the dead man: how he came to the East Fork three years before to work in a big pine job, how his "buddies"

had persuaded him to enlist, how he had started away in apparently good spirits.

Katharine told how he had met her in the forest one evening after his desertion, which he stated was caused by ill treatment at the hands of an officer. He had knocked the officer down, been put in a smoke-house to await punishment, had escaped and come back to the mountains and the girl he loved. She told how she had brought him food for three months, that when she last visited him on Christmas Eve he was outwardly in good health and spirits. She had not seen him since on account of the New Year blizzard. had evidently caught cold from exposure; death must have resulted from chills or pneumonia.

At the first show of dawn the men wrapped the body carefully in the buffalo robe and carried it out of the cave, along the ledge, down the face of the cliff, and to a secluded spot in the ravine, behind a cluster of tall rhododendrons. There they laboriously dug the grave in the frozen earth with the old axe, and in it they laid all that was mortal of Mordecai Flask, deserter. On top of the body they rolled heavy stones to prevent the wolves from digging it out. Then they courteously agreed to accompany the bereaved sweetheart part way to her home, a mile east of Prestonville; they would go at least as far as the trap-line on Portage Mountain.

The trap-line in question lay the entire length of a gorge; it was a favorite "crossing" for many kinds of fur-bearing animals, and which never failed to yield

its toll. As they neared the first wolf trap, in the gray, foggy light, they could see through a growth of shin-hopple, a great, unsteady, shaggy animal tossing about in anguish, every minute or so giving vent to low guttural moans. The dogs pricked up their ears and sprang forward, Joe Nelson after them. He clambered over a prostrate pine trunk as high as himself and stood face to face with the most hideous monster that had occupied one of his traps in years, a giant wolverene.

Not waiting for his brother, Seth, and the girl to be "in at the death," he was so keyed up by the excitement of the moment, he brought his rifle to his shoulder, sending a bullet crashing into the noxious monster's brain. With a forward plunge, which had the force to shatter the steel trap, the hideous creature fell sprawling, dead with paws outstretched, eyes glaring, jaws distended, and showing the tusks, like a specimen of the modern taxidermits' skill on the floor of some wealthy city sportsman's den.

"It never rains but it pours," said Seth Nelson, who, with the breathless Katharine at his side, had meanwhile reached the scene of the slaughter. "It was a wolverene after all that looted our traps."

"We will forget all about poor Mordecai when we tell of the disappearance of those two cub bears," said Brother Joe, as he proceeded to skin the heavy carcass.

Anent the "Bear Cat" and its habits John C. French, the eminent Potter County naturalist, makes the following very interesting observations :

“The wolverene was commonly designated by our woodsmen, hunters and forest-runners as ‘the glutton,’ and by redmen as ‘the bear-cat.’ Their reasons for these uncomplimentary names are explained in some of the following paragraphs, which show the habits and characteristics of the animal whose reputation for ferocity has given occasion for some indulging in unshackled liberty of description.

“It was a voracious feeder upon the smaller animals, including the beavers during summer, when they were not protected by ice-hardened walls, in the huts they built of poles and sticks, plastered with mud upon the outside, for winter quarters.

“The glutton was a cunning beast of prey and often entered the caves or hollows of trees, where bears hibernated in cold weather, to feast on fat steaks torn from the flanks of bears it so easily killed during the winter’s deep sleep, which made the bear practically unconscious of any danger or pain—the coma of his living faculties.

“To prey upon deer was the glutton’s summer pastime, according to our Indians, who say he dropped a roll of the moss that deer love to feed upon beneath a spreading tree, and then, climbing upon a branch above the spot, waited for a deer to pass below to get the moss, when the glutton would leap upon its shoulders and cling there until it brought the deer to the ground.

“The trickery of panthers and wolverenes was of about equal merit in many time-honored traditions;

however, the legends of this nature rest on no good foundation. Many were meant only as romances to illustrate the narrator's hate and fear of a beast that destroyed the game and poached upon the 'cache' he had so carefully concealed to preserve surplus food until needed. The forest auditors knew the facts and seldom believed the extravagant tales; but novices remembered them, and they were often retold in less discriminating company. I saw a wolverene eat the trout a fisherman had left on a rock while he sought dry bark for a fire to boil them over, leaving his coat and lunch in the pockets. Then the 'bear cat' ran away with the coat and lunch in its mouth.

"The general aspect of the wolverene was not unlike that of a young bear, and probably on that account it was thought of as among the bears, by many people. Even Linnæus gave it the title of *Ursus luscus* in his nomenclature of natural history. By some the name was envisioned as that of a wolfish animal, instead of as a thief of the cat tribe.

"In general the color was brownish-black; muzzle black as far as the eyebrows, and between the eyes of a browner hue. Some specimens had small white spots scattered upon the under jaw. The sides were washed with a warm gray. The paws were black and extremely large, with ivory-white claws, which were esteemed as ornaments by the Indians. The eyes were small and dark brown, of little brilliancy. The tail, bushy and about a third as long as the body, had black hair at the tip and sides, washed with gray on

top. In proportion to his size, the wolverene's feet were enormous, enabling him to pass in safety over soft snow. The tracks were often mistaken for bear tracks. As they were often mingled together in the early snows, it is evident that many of the bears found death ahead of them, instead of the waking dreams they fancied on Candlemas Day.

"About fifteen pounds of steak made one repast for the glutton. Then he would return and eat as much more each succeeding day until something else was found upon which to change his diet. If he discovered a fur animal in a trap, he tore it out and carried it away to some secure hiding place. The hunter's 'cache' of food would always be found and scattered around, the meat eaten or carried away. The trappers hated the wolverene, 'bear cat,' glutton!"

The following letter from John C. French is quoted verbatim:

"There is a very ludicrous tale of a wolverene fifty-five years ago. Bert Chandler, at fourteen years of age, was six feet high and slim as a bean pole. On a July afternoon, dressed in an old coat, trousers held up by a tow string over one shoulder, big top boots, into which the pants legs were tucked, and an old hat, he fished up the West Creek into the deep forest gloom of Fish Hollow, Clara Township, Potter County, filling the ample pockets of his coat with trout.

"At the ledge of rock, twelve feet high, he threw his coat on a log by the creek and climbed to the top of a small juniper tree that stood near the edge, upon

the rocky ledge. Then he grasped the slender stem in both hands and swung his body off to ride the bending tree to the ground, where he could stand to pick and eat the June berries at his leisure.

"The tree, however, bent out over the cliff, and there hung Bert at a height of twenty feet, above the ground at the base of the rocky ledge! His tow-string suspender broke and his trousers slipped down from his waist, the legs fast in his top boots, and hung below his feet, reverse side outward, thus fettering his feet so he could not climb into the treetop and descend the trunk to the ground at its roots upon the edge of a precipice. It was too far to fall; in dilemma he hung over the ledge!

"Across the valley his coat was lying with his trout in its deep pockets, until Bert saw a big wolverene pounce upon his coat and then run up the hill to a lair in the rocks on that side, in order to find and eat the fish. Then Bert searched his soul for sounds to tell how scared he was!

"The valley was full of noise when Joseph Samson entered it, seeking the straying cows he milked. Bert's long legs, long pants hanging below, long body and long arms, at the top of a long, slender sapling, hanging over a precipice, were enough to fill Joseph with the worst terror of his twelve years upon an unknown earth, covered with the forest—black and terrible haunt of wild beasts and uncanny sounds! But he climbed the tree to Bert's perch, and the weight of both boys bent the tree so that Bert dropped only a

few feet and was unhurt. Joseph climbed to the base of the tree, slid down the rocks to Bert's landing place, and both boys went home—"beat it!"

"That is a long, true story. I sent a copy of 'Extinct Animals, Vol 1,' to J. A. Samson, Whitefish, Mont., who read it with great pleasure, but wrote that he does not believe that restocking the forests with predatory animals would be desirable. He asks if yet I remember how frightened Bert and he were when I saw them racing from the forest that day when Bert lost coat and fish."



VIII. THE BIG GREY WILDCAT OR CANADA LYNX

WERE it not for a few definite instances, it might be a matter for conjecture if *Lynx Canadensis* was ever an inhabitant of the forests of Northern Pennsylvania. The confusion in using the names "lynx," "wildcat," "catamount" and "bobcat" have such as to create a perfect Babel on the subject. But a few cases made the existence of the Canada Lynx in Pennsylvania absolutely certain.

John G. Davis, old-time woodsman of McElhattan, Clinton County, gives the best description of a mammoth Canada Lynx killed by John Pluff at Hyner, in that county, in 1874. Pluff, who was a noted hunter in his day, died in January, 1914, in his 74th year. One evening, when Pluff was at supper, he heard a commotion in his barnyard. Taking down his rifle, he hurried out, only to notice a shaggy animal moving about among the feet of his young cattle. Courageously driving the steers into the barn, he came face to face with a gigantic Canada Lynx, or, as was called in Northern Pennsylvania, a "Big Grey Wild Cat," or catamount, to distinguish it from the smaller and ruder Bay Lynx.

Taking aim at the monster's jugular, Pluff fired, killing the big cat with a single ball. The shot attracted the neighbors, among them Davis, and they gazed

with amazement at the giant carcass, the biggest cat killed in those parts since Sam Snyder slew his 10-foot panther on Young Woman's Creek in 1858. The Canada Lynx measured 4 feet, 10 inches from tip of nose to root of tail—(the tail measured 4 inches)—and weighed 75 pounds.

The next day being Thanksgiving, it was supplemented to the turkey feast, and all enjoyed the deliciously flavored white meat more than the conventional "Thanksgiving bird." This lynx was probably a straggler from the Northern Tier, as none of its kind have been about Hyner since. At the same time, the Canada Lynx has been killed in many parts of Pennsylvania, as far south as the Seven Mountains and Somerset County, some claim, but never frequently. It hangs close to the main chain of the Allegheny Mountains, if it can make a living there.

Jesse Logan, Indian hunter, of the Cornplanter Reservation in Warren County, who died in February, 1916, at the age of upwards of a hundred years, said that he could not recall Canada Lynxes ever having been plentiful in any part of Northern Pennsylvania. Clem. Herlacher has killed a number of these animals in Northern Clearfield and Cameron Counties, but in widely different localities and different dates. He describes the Canada Lynx as follows:

"The two most remarkable characters of the Canadian Lynx are the beautiful pencils of black hair which ornament the ears, and the perfect hairiness of the soles of the feet, which have no naked spots or

tubercles, like other species of the feline race. The catamount, which is the true Pennsylvania title for this animal, is of an ashen gray in color, with a ruff of stiff dark hair about its neck and looks 'chuffier' than the common wildcat; it most resembles an old English sheep dog. I know nothing of its domestic habits, though I believe it formerly bred in some of our northern counties. Dr. Merriam says that it has two kittens at a birth. The biggest catamount I ever killed measured, exclusive of the tail, 40 inches, the tail measured 4 inches, or an inch shorter than most wild cats. Catamounts were driven into Clinton and Mifflin Counties by forest fires from their northern range, but never remained long. I think that the Canada Lynx is now totally extinct in Pennsylvania. It was a fierce fighter, but I have heard of Seneca Indians who tamed it to follow them about like dogs. Among the Pennsylvania Dutch it was supposed to be endowed with the power to look through opaque bodies, hence the expression of a person with keen sight being 'lynx-eyed.' "

Rhoads records instances of catamounts taken in Cameron, Potter, Columbia, Forest, Lackawanna, Lycoming, McKean, Monroe, Pike, Wayne, Somerset and Tioga Counties. Jesse Harman and son Ed., accompanied by Sam Motter, "California Sam," a noted trapper, took a stray catamount at the head of McElhattan Run, in Clinton County, early in 1903. Out of a dozen cats caught by these hunters that winter it was the only Canada Lynx. It weighed sixty-

five pounds and measured exactly five feet from tip to tip.

C. W. Dickinson states that his father killed a fine Canada Lynx in McKean County in 1867. "There could be no mistake in its identity. It was the color of coal ashes, heavily furred, with big, hairy paws, its countenance broad and bland, very different from the furtive, sneaky expression of the common wildcat. It weighed 40 pounds, whereas the average bobcat rarely tips the scale over 20 pounds."

There are several instances of the Canada Lynx being taken on the Allegheny summits in Somerset County (near the Maryland line). During the Civil War a magnificent lynx was trapped in Tioga County, in McIntosh Hollow, Ward Township. A Canada Lynx taken in Lackawanna County in 1885 is on exhibition, mounted, in Scranton. A. H. Perry, of Elk Grove, Columbia County, describes a lynx taken on Elk Run, in Sullivan County, about twenty years ago, that measured 6 feet in length. Early settlers in Susquehanna County reported the Canada Lynx as fairly plentiful in the lake region of that county, one instance being recorded of several catamounts drowning an aged stag in Silver Lake.

Michael Sullivan, a very intelligent bar clerk at Johnsonburg, Elk County, called the writer's attention to the length of the tail of a mounted wildcat in the hotel in that prosperous lumber town, during the winter of 1910. "A great many wildcat hides, taken in Elk, McKean and Forest Counties, are shipped to a

fur dealer in town," said Sullivan, "and I have been struck by the extreme length of their tails. I put a foot-rule on this one and it measured exactly twelve inches. That cat, I am told, weighed 41 pounds. We have quite a few varieties of cats in these parts. First of all, there is the Canada Lynx, grey in color, with tabs on his ears and hair on the soles of his feet, a fierce big fellow, often weighing 50 pounds. He has always been a scarce cat; even the Indians say he was never plentiful. Secondly, there is the true wildcat or 'bob' cat, reddish in color, mottled like a fawn, smaller than the Canadian Lynx, but with a longer tail. Thirdly, there is the tame cat gone wild—escaped from lumber camps and the like. Some of these grow very big, and in one or two generations are brindled and bushy tailed. Many people call them 'coon cats.' Then we have the fourth kind—the mixture, hybrid or mongrel, whatever you call it, between the Canada Lynx and the Wildcat, or Bay Lynx. In my opinion that cat yonder on the shelf is a cross between a lynx and a bob cat. Old hunters tell me that the product of that cross has a longer tail than either lynx or bob-cat—a throw back to the type of long ago. There may also be crosses between lynxes and bob cats and tame cats gone wild; it happened in the old country, why not here?"

The above observations, which have also been advanced by C. W. Dickinson, of Smethport, and quoted in Rhoads' "Mammals," possess a considerable element of common sense and likelihood. In deer breed-

ing there is a tendency to throw back to good-headed or poor-headed ancestors, as the case may be.

In South Carolina, Archibald Rutledge states that there are frequent cases of palmation in the deer, due to some English fallow bucks liberated by planters in the eighteenth century. A cross between two varieties of short-tailed lynxes might provide a longer tailed type, reverting to the original long-tailed cat progenitor. In other respects the cat in the Johnsonburg House showed an accentuation of characters. Its hind legs were apparently twice the thickness of the front legs, and very much longer. It was an unsymmetrical animal. Perhaps much of this was due to faulty taxidermy, but that would not account for the length of the tail. Its color, a darker gray than the true lynx, was almost of a drab or olive hue. It was still darker about the head, but there were no regular spots.

The Canada Lynx early succumbed to changed conditions in his faunal zone, the forest fire, the clearing, the drained swamp, the passing of the northern hare, but for a time his blood will live on in the crossbreed with the more adaptable Bay Lynx. As these long-tailed cats are said to be plentiful in the wilder sections of Northwestern Pennsylvania, it may be that this new race will possess the power to best endure existing conditions, though S. N. Rhoads says that such a cross would be infertile. Perhaps if forest fires decrease and cover returns, the handsome Canada Lynx in his true form will crawl back from his north-

ern retreats and again be the wonder and joy of the Pennsylvania forests.

Among the legends of the Big Gray Wildcat told around the firesides by the old people of Northern Pennsylvania is one which treats further of the career of "Loverhill of the Rangers." It is as follows:

There had been a very unremunerative month for the Rangers; no Indians of the outlawed tribes had crossed their path, hence no scalps had been brought in. This scalp bounty made a nice addition to the otherwise slim pay of the Rangers; they pursued the chase of redskins for financial reasons more than to satisfy the blood lust. When the scalp bounty lapsed the day of the Rangers was done. They resigned and deserted, or retired at the expiration of their enlistments, just as the modern "forest ranger" in the west would quit the forest service if the Government stopped paying rewards on the scalps of coyotes, wildcats or prairie dogs. But towards the last days of the scalp bounty, it was scarcity of Indians, rather than any other cause, that reduced the sum total of the payments. The drop in the number of scalps brought in caused the gentle Maclay to suggest supplying the Rangers with bloodhounds so as to facilitate the slaughter.

On this particular month there was a growing restlessness among the scalp hunters, owing to poor results. No one had been able to even pick a quarrel with a squaw and have her run howling to an encampment to arouse the warriors to righteous indignation,

thereby supplying the Rangers with an acceptable excuse for a general massacre—and lots of scalps. Among the officers, Lieutenants Peter Pentz, Peter Grove and Michael Grove obtained leaves to go up country and look after their corn. Genevieve Loverhill, Michael Grove's girl orderly, naturally of a restless disposition, decided to take a hunting trip to the headwaters of White Deer Creek. The desired quarry was to be an elk's calf in its spotted coat, not that the hide was of any value, but just to bag one of the pretty little creatures.

Leaving the camp at the mouth of Buffalo Path Run, the courageous girl, who became known as "Loverhill of the Rangers" and "The Indian Killer," started alone for the waters of White Deer, where, on the high table lands among the open groves of yellow pines, the cow elks and their young were fond of summering. Loverhill followed the South Branch in the direction to Hope Valley, where at the Shraeder Spring the creek has its heading. Out on the divide towards the source of Elk Creek, there were innumerable elk families in certain seasons when pasturage was to their liking. The young huntress followed the top of the ridge on the south side of the valley, finding many traces of game.

As she had left the camp at daybreak, it looked as if a calf would fall to her unerring aim before sunset. In the Black Gap she came close to a band of bull elks, their superb antlers just coming out of the velvet, the long tattered shreds suspended to them like the "old

man's beard" moss that hangs from the cypress trees in a southern swamp. Ordinarily she would have killed two or three just for the sport of seeing them fall, but on this occasion she hoped that on the way a stray Indian might be apprehended and a shot fired at random at a bull elk would put the marked men on their guard.

In places where there had been windfalls among the giant hemlocks, and she could see the sky, the day was one of rare beauty. The clouds were fleecy and white, as they always were when the Keewaydin or north-west wind is blowing. In the late afternoon, when the lengthening of the shadows tended towards the golden hour—"the hour of peace and plenty," as the Indians called it—as she softly crept along a bench on the slope of Tunis' Knob, there was little underbrush, only row after row of giant hemlocks like swart smooth pillars upholding the azure and gold canopy, she noticed a splendid cow elk, followed by her pretty mottled calf, moving along on the mossy band of the creek, in the direction of the source.

They were out of gunshot, and as she took a few steps down the steep slope to get closer, she noted an Indian following in their wake, perhaps three hundred yards to the eastward. Probably he carried an antiquated musket and must fire at close range. If Loverhill had been in his place the calf would have fallen long before. Here was a chance of securing the calf and a fine warrior's scalp besides—"killing two birds

with one stone." So she deftly sprang behind an unusually thick hemlock, unseen by elks or Indian.

As she watched the silent procession of hunted and hunter in the vale beneath, she reasoned the matter about as follows: 'The Indian will follow the elks to the spring and kill them there. Then he will skin them and bivouac for the night. If he does, he will be easily approached and shot. Then with the one shot elks and Indian would be obtained. There was a natural clearing about the spring where the animals and Indians had drank and rested for untold centuries. If this particular redman camped there, he would light a fire, and the smoke even of a small fire would come up through the trees, he could be stalked and killed by his fireside.

Just at the last moments of the golden hour, as the sun began to set behind the western mountains, three shots rang out on the still air. Presumably the shots were successful, the elks had fallen. The declining sun spread out a mass of salmon pink surcharged with ashes of roses as it sank in purple splendor behind the pine clad summits. There was a very decided chilliness to the atmosphere, as there is when summer wanes. Loverhill, standing by the giant hemlock, almost wished for a campfire herself. She felt hungry and nibbled at a sugar cookie which she took from her knapsack. As darkness fell she climbed the big hemlock to the very top; no squirrel could have done it better, and with her long slim legs and arms securely

gripped about the swaying topmost twigs, she awaited developments on the plateau below.

As she watched, the old shaggy yellow pines on the ridge became like masses of black velvet against the starlit sky. Then curled upward a thin trail of smoke like gray silk thread, such as can only come from an Indian campfire, the redmen always priding themselves on the smallness of their fires. The time for action had arrived, quietly, quickly and surely as a wildcat descends on its prey, Loverhill slid from her perch on the tree and climbed down the mountain among the tall, straight hemlocks that looked so much like columns straight from the black vault of the heavens. It was a long climb and a tedious one under such circumstances of stealth. She crept behind one tree after another, always pausing after each step, but the only sound was the gurgle of the brook over the stones.

As she neared the campfire she observed that it was now smoking profusely; the Indian must be asleep, else he would not allow it to burn so low. Since Indians were hunted for their scalps, they always extinguished their fires before retiring for the night; Rangers might pass within a few feet of sleeping redmen and not suspect their nearness on a black night. This must be a very careless Indian. Loverhill primed her rifle and crept on her stomach to the border of the natural clearing, in the centre of which rose the rich, cool spring, its banks a swaying mass of cresses. By the embers of the campfire she saw the unskinned car-

casses of the cow elk and her calf. It was as she suspected, the redman had killed both. But why had the Indian abandoned them so soon. There were no signs of him anywhere. To make sure, she made a complete circle of the boundaries of the clearing on her hands and knees. The redskin was neither at its edges or within it. Resolutely she strode into the centre of the open space.

By the border of the clearing, well in the shadows of the forest, was the half-decayed trunk of a black birch and on it she sat, holding the bright barrel of her rifle between her two white hands. She concluded that the Indian had found the track of some other animal, perhaps a bear, and followed it; he would be back to secure the best of the elks, as the Indians never killed for pastime; she would down him across the carcasses of his quarries. But he was a very long time coming back. It was a period of ennui, such as bring to active imaginations all sorts of fancies, grave and gay, ending in those mostly of the heart and romance. With Loverhill, the thoughts were eventually of Captain Goheen, with whom she had seen and loved the year before at Peter Allen's. She had refused all his expressions of hope for a furtherance of their acquaintance; had turned her back on him, as it were. It was for the best; she, wild mountain girl, who had dressed as a lad and killed Indians for the scalp bounty for three years—what sort of a companion could she make for a gentleman of culture and refinement like Captain Cecil Goheen, of Philadelphia? But she could



SETH NELSON, Jr.



SAMUEL N. RHOADS

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not eradicate the impression he had made on her. It came up with heart-breaking vividness this chilly, lonesome night while waiting for the return of the Indian elk slayer. Perhaps they would have been happy—he was right and she was wrong. If he owned, for instance, the choice tract where the Shraeder Spring bubbled out from the earth, it would have been an ideal manor. The rolling slopes of the hills which surrounded the spring could be cleared and turned into cornfields and orchards, a few gnarled Indian apple and plum trees back of the spring told of its previous use by the copper-colored aborigines.

To clean up this beautiful valley would have given the youthful captain a definite life's work; he would be like the noblemen of Europe, about whose castles and grandeur old Corinnus Michael delighted to tell of at her father's inglenook in the old days on Switzer Run near the Karoondinha. They could even build a castle and tower on the top of Tunis' Knob and dominate the entire watershed of the South Branch. She pressed the barrel of the rifle against her cheek and covered her eyes with her long fingers. Why had she let him go away? Why had she refused his proffered gift of a cape made from the fur of black cats or fishers? She had admired Lieutenant Grove for his bravery, but never physically, but even that was three years ago, and she was wiser now. But there was no one else from the Beautiful River to the Lehigh that she cared a straw about, white man or Indian. Captain Goheen from the Big World was her ideal.

With closed eyes she pictured their life together,

developing a vast backwoods district; it would all work out so harmoniously and easily. In time, if he wished to revisit Philadelphia, she would by her ability and devotion wipe out the sanguinary past; she would study in spare moments, so much so that she could pass muster with the elite, should she accompany him. She would forget how proud she once was when Captain John Brady styled her in a report 'Loverhill of the Rangers.' "Lady Goheen" sounded far nicer. Just at that period of her highly-colored dreams, a doleful wail rang out upon the frosty night. It came from the ridge on the north side of the valley, and was not as loud as the first tones of the howl of the Pennsylvania lion, and too strident for that of a wildcat.

Loverhill had often heard it as a small girl in the Towanda Mountains, before her parents moved to their later home on the Karoondinha. It was the catterwaul of the Big Gray Wildcat or Canada Lynx, an animal rarely seen south of the West Branch of the Susquehanna. Evidently the big feline had smelled the carcasses of the elks and was stealing down the mountain in the direction of the spring. Loverhill's mood changed instantly. She forgot, temporarily, about Captain Goheen and the Big World; her thoughts were focused on her chances of killing the lynx. In another minute the sharp crack of a rifle rang out from the same vicinity on the mountains.

The girl smiled inwardly. "I'll get the elks, the gray cat, and the Indian as well." She examined the rifle. It was ready. She assumed an alert position to

wait for the appearance of the Indian who would now surely return to the spring with his latest victim. It was not long before she heard the redman coming; his pace was slow, for he was dragging the carcass of a fifty-pound lynx to skin it by the firelight. A gust of wind blew into flame the embers, throwing a lurid glow into the vault-like recesses of the forest. Loverhill's curiosity to see the Indian's face before firing caused her to hesitate an instant. When she saw who the Indian was, she instead called out in Pennsylvania Dutch, a language which all Indians understood, "Hend Uff!"

The redman dropped his rifle and the lynx at the same time, and walked calmly up to the fire. Loverhill advanced to meet him, handing him her primed rifle as a mark of amity. "Why, if this isn't old Joe Pan, the Pequot!" she laughed.

The aged redman looked at her with his little shoe-button eyes, then burst out laughing, so loudly that they disappeared altogether behind the folds of his big fat cheeks.

"You're 'Loverhill of the Rangers,' I think they call you now. I told old Abe, your father, you'd grow up to be as great a fighter as any boy and take the place of the sons he lost when that canoe upset in Sunfish Pond. I'm glad to see you out here."

Then Genevieve sat down beside him while he put more twigs on the fire and frankly told him how she plotted to fall an Indian on the carcasses of the elk. Joe Pan did not think any the less of her for this

recital, for it was a stern age, an age of blood and reprisals, anyone who had killed or could kill was the more respected, and his tribe was not on the Governmental Black List.

Joe Pan was a character in his way in the Pennsylvania Mountains. Born on the Housatonic River, he was a descendant of the remnant of the Pequots who retired to that wild region in Northwestern Connecticut after the Great Swamp Fight in 1637. He had followed Martin Mack to Pennsylvania as a small boy—a brother was a chief in the Pequot Reservation on the Housatonic, he had tired of civilization in Herrnhut and fled to the North Mountain to live the life of a hunter. He had fought the whites and for them; he was now so old he had lost count of his years, but he was nearly eighty.

After discussing the old times with Loverhill, he dragged the huge lynx up to the fireside preparatory to skinning it. "They call this animal the catamount here," he said, "but in New England we give that name to the panther."

Genevieve noticed the big, gray-blue eyes on the carcass, eyes that gleamed and glittered like crystal, even in death.

"Do you know the powers of those eyes?" said the Pequot, noting her curiosity. "If you hold one of them up to the firelight, you can see through it to any part of the world you have a mind to; if you boil one of them in a little water, you can bring any person you desire to your side."

"Please cut me out those eyes," said Loverhill, trembling with anguish.

Joe Pan did as requested, and handed one over to her. She held it up to the campfire's ruddy light. Her waxen face assumed an even more ghastly hue as she gazed into it transfixed. In it she saw a large, gorgeously decorated room, brilliantly lighted by myriads of candles. It was filled with handsome men in military costumes, and beautiful young women in flounced satin gowns, and powdered hair worn high on their heads. Some were dancing, others talking together in corners, or drinking from bowls served by liveried Negro servants. In the most remote corner, in an alcove, screened from the rest of the room by a portiere, she beheld Captain Goheen in close conversation with a perfect Watteau picture of feminine loveliness. He was holding her hands, and soon she leaned her pretty head against his shoulder, and he kissed her many times. With her iron nerve shattered, the nerve that had slain a hundred Indians old and young, Loverhill of the Rangers, gulping back a sob, flung the cat's eye into the fire.

Meanwhile the Pequot had been boiling the other eye in a small earthen pot that he had brought with him from Wyoming. Seeing her fling away the eye she had been looking through, he started to empty the vessel into the fire. Genevieve caught him by the wrist before all the precious liquid was spent.

"Drink it quickly," the Indian whispered. "I do

not think the presence can last long on such a small dose, but you will get some result."

The girl drank the potion. It tasted like glue. Immediately the magnificent form of Captain Cecil Goheen, in full regimentals, wearing no end of service crosses and a jeweled rapier, stood by the fading light of the campfire.

"For heaven's sake, why do you bring me to this outlandish place?" he exclaimed, pettishly.

Then his eyes rested on Genevieve, and a happy smile lit up his hitherto stern features.

"Oh, it is you who brought me here? I thought I had fainted from the heat of the ballroom."

The idea of a man fainting was too much for Loverhill of the Rangers. Handsome as he was and loving him as she did, his condescension, his effeteness were galling. Rushing up to him like a lioness—she was as tall as he was—she seized him by the shoulders and shook him as a cat would a mouse.

"Who was the woman you were kissing in that alcove? How dare you make love to her after all your protestations to me last winter at Peter Allen's? I—I, who sent you away because I loved you with all my life, and feared a mountain girl like I am could not make you happy. Here in the mountains when we say we love, it means for life. I must now witness the briefness and shallowness of your affection. I love you, and I can kill you."

Holding him by the gold lace lapel of his sparkling uniform with her right hand, she drew her long bear

knife, with its score of tell-tale nicks on the handle, from its sheath with her left. Raising the gleaming blade aloft, she flourished it about as if to rip off the young officer's scalp. The big knife pierced thin air. The draught from the half-filled bowl had not been sufficient to keep the presence longer. The shade of Captain Goheen faded back to the ballroom to the festive surroundings that suited it best.

Joe Pan, the Pequot, took advantage of the tense moment to disappear into the gloom of the wilderness, leaving the carcasses of elks and lynx behind. Lover-hill of the Rangers was stark mad in the forest for several days. Patt. Mucklehenney met her brandishing her scalping knife and muttering to herself near the headwaters of Love Run. He led her to his cabin on the West Branch, where she soon recovered and went back to join her command at the mouth of Buffalo Path Run.

In military and social circles it was whispered about that during the grand ball given to celebrate the probable victory of the Patriot Army, probably owing to the crush and the lack of ventilation, Captain Cecil Goheen had suddenly fallen to the floor unconscious. When he recovered an hour later, he told of a strange vision he had experienced—of being in a dark forest, of an attack by some one with a scalping knife.

It was weeks before he recovered his equilibrium and returned to his quarters at Fort Washington, but he never forgot this terrible dream to his dying day, the very sight of an unsheathed dagger sending him into paroxysms of nervous excitement and tears. Yet he never forgot the night spent at Peter Allen's.



